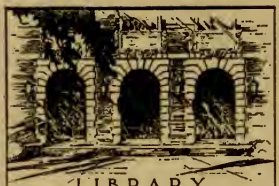

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A

WINTER

IN

PARIS;

OR

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE C****:

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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A WINTER IN PARIS.

CHAP. I.

"Les choses les plus souhaites ; n'arrivent point, ou si elles arrivent ce n'est ni dans le tems, ni dans les circonstances ou elles auroient fait un extreme plaisir."

Mr. Monro was a tall good looking man, upwards of forty years of age: his complexion appeared formerly to have been very good ; his teeth and hair, which were yet in tolerable preservation, gave him rather a youthful appearance : his manners were stately and reserved ; his sentiments expressed with elegance and refinement, but his conversation appeared formal. Fastidious as to the choice of his words,

and attentive to the effect his discourse was likely to have on the minds of his auditors, his articulation was slow and cautious, and he seemed rather intent on presenting images and topics of conversation, than in listening to, or improving those suggested by others. A vein of sarcastic humour frequently mingled itself in his sentences, and gleamed upon his countenance as he spoke, the result of extreme fastidiousness and quickness of perception, as to the slightest moral or mental imperfection in those with whom he conversed: his ideas of rectitude arose to a very high standard. An attentive observer and curious delineator of the human heart; those repeated instances of duplicity and depravity, which his great intercourse with life had disclosed to his view, had not however destroyed his philantropy, as is too often the case, but it had given him a dignity of demeanor and

difficulty of access, which served as a shield to guard his urbanity and good nature from the inroads of presumption and of folly. Such was Mr. Monro.

When I understood that he was a native of Scotland, and that the name of his paternal abode was Belmore in Invernesshire, I did not hesitate to disclose to him my intimacy with his sister Ignatia, and put into his hands the letter which she had written for this purpose a few days before her death. We discoursed with never ceasing interest on the merits of Ignatia; and Mr. Monro made me repeat again and again every circumstance relative to her dissolution: he confirmed to me all her assurances of regard, and expressed himself respecting me precisely in the manner which she had taught me to expect; and on my return to Lisbon, which shortly afterwards took

place, I had frequent opportunities of being better acquainted with him, for he resided at Buenos Ayres, and seldom a day passed undistinguished by his attentions, and rendered interesting by his conversation. He was frequently accompanied by two genteel young men, both natives of England, their names Willoughby and Selby, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The moment approaches in which I have to describe the pain excited in my bosom by the perusal of Rimini's long and anxiously expected letter from Switzerland, which reached Lisbon a few days after my return from Cintra, while the remembrance of the anguish I suffered unnerves my hand, and I trace the following lines with a hurrying unsteady pen. The contents were these:—

"I had scarcely embraced my friend Signor Ferraro on my arrival at Bologna, before I retired to read yur

letter, which he put into my hand, and which I perused with inexpressible emotions of the most painful description. Alas! my beloved, I have nothing to communicate which can for a moment dispel those afflicting sensations, or obliterate the remembrance of those disastrous events, which you so pathetically describe in your affecting letters, every line of which tears my heart. Why am I not permitted to guard my beloved from every danger, and chase from her bosom every fear. But alas! Giovanna, can I wish to behold you, when little doubt remains as to the truth of those circumstances which Paul Hartz related, and which have been confirmed to me by his wife; it is with anguish that I relate them, and cause those tears to flow, which I would give every drop of blood in my veins to wipe away for ever from your eyes.

"Paul Hartz overtook me at Bologna, from whence I rapidly pursued my way into Switzerland, without pausing, till I perceived the mountains of St. Bernardine rise to my view, and discerned that homely habitation, in which the infancy of my beloved was exposed to the blasts of adversity, and the bitterness of servitude and woe. On entering the hut, I found the old woman seated near the door, employed in mending some coarse garments: her face was furrowed with age, ill-humour, and grief. I eagerly made a thousand questions, to which she listened in sullen silence, and continued her work. I recapitulated every circumstance relative to yourself, and when pressed for an answer, she replied, that her husband had told me true, and that it was unnecessary to molest her, or require a repetition of circumstances which I knew already.

I offered her some gold, and her countenance brightened for a moment; she took what was in my hand, and concealing it under some of the fragments of cloth laying before her, relapsed into sullen silence: finding I could make nothing of her, I left the hut, and meeting Paul Hartz, took him with me to the next village, where I employed a notary, for the purpose of receiving his deposition, and drawing up a memorial accordingly, tending to establish your claims to my brother's succession. This I have placed with Signor Ferraro, at Bologna; and have added the bequest of my property by will, in case I should fall in the field of battle, as I am under orders to do duty in Spain: accept this gift, my beloved Giovanna, as a proof of the ardent and unalterable affection and devoted tendernessof your

"RIMINI."

That hope which had hitherto unknown to myself animated my soul, and given life to those endeavours necessary towards overcoming the dæmon of despair, vanished from my bosom. The conviction that I had beheld Rimini for the last time; that all love between us would from henceforth be criminal; that his duty sternly commanded him to think of me no more; that possibly his hand and heart were destined to bless some happier woman. This latter consideration, had not tears come to my relief, would, I am persuaded, have completely ovewhelmed me, and suspended all animation for ever in my heart, which seemed to sink beneath the pressure of my woes. I threw myself on my knees, and folding my hand, which contained his letter, over my bosom, wept bitterly, exclaiming—"Alas! my Rimini, am I indeed to be forgotten for ever! and is my love to be no more remembered? Do the

dictates of honour command you to withdraw your tenderness from me, and to forget that I exist but for you alone? the same blood warms my heart, and flows in my veins, and the hand which sheds your's will deprive me also of existence; and when your soul takes its flight to the regions of the blest, mine will not long tarry here." The ardent vows which I offered for his safety on the field of battle long detained me on my knees; and when I attempted to rise, a sense of heaviness oppressed me, which I had never before felt: my head and temples throbbed with heat; shiverings ran along my limbs, and my eyes seemed pierced with sharp straws. It was with difficulty that I walked to the saloon, where my friends were assembled, or sustained myself from fainting, whenever I moved during the remainder of the day; and on the following morning the fever had risen to such a height,

that I was not sensible of any external object. I do not recollect suffering violent sensations of pain, except during the commencement of my disease, when my animal spirits were hurried through my brain, with the impetuosity of delirium, racking with insupportable pangs its fine texture and exquisite sensibility. This agony was not, however, of long duration, and the weakness which followed this violent paroxysm was not attended with any great uneasiness, but seemed rather the moment of repose. On the third day, when I had completely recovered my recollection, I beheld my friends watching over me, and a skilful and benevolent English physician, to whose care I was chiefly indebted for my recovery from the grave, sitting at the head of my bed. Madame de Liancourt entered my apartment, followed by Mr. Monro, and I gave him

my hand, which had that moment been pronounced free from fever. My friends smiled their satisfaction, but I could only silently look at them with tenderness, and gently press their hands.

Dr. W—— who had never left my couch the nights when my life was in danger, informed me that Mr. Monro had been affected in an uncommon degree at my illness, and in particular at some expressions which had escaped me during my delirium, which had recalled to his recollection the loss of a wife he adored; and I had soon afterwards an opportunity of hearing this from his own lips. There is in youth a vivifying principle in our physical as well as moral nature, which powerfully repels the attacks of disease and misfortune: I was only eighteen, and hitherto had enjoyed uninterrupted health: all the faculties of my

mind and body were blooming and vigorous; my recovery was as rapid as had been my illness. As soon as I was able to be removed from my apartment, I lay on a couch in the saloon, placed in a position from whence I might see the shipping in the harbour, and the opposite coast; while Mr. Monro employed every care to engage and amuse my thoughts with anecdotes relative to the customs and manners of his own country; always successful in attracting my attention when he mentioned his sister Ignatia's name.

I gradually unfolded to the brother of my friend those distressing events which had separated me from Rimini; and so cruelly wounded those finer feelings of the human mind, from whence arise our liveliest joys and deepest sorrows: and there was that indescribable character in Mr. Monro's

attentions, which blended the assiduities of the lover with the sober solicitude of parental care. The sentiment of love seemed removed from him to an immeasurable distance, and entirely incompatible with his state of mind. I therefore received his attentions with the most perfect freedom, as those of a father towards a beloved child. He listened attentively to my narrative.

"Your history, my dear girl, continued he, "is a striking proof, if any indeed were wanting, of the futility of our hopes of happiness in this world, where misfortune is ever pursuing us under different forms, changeful as the clouds in yonder sky, and presenting to our view a never ending variety of misery. And our present state of existence, thus abounding in woe, ought possibly to be viewed, as a punishment necessarily following our lapse

from virtue in some prior state of being: while a patient endurance of those miseries inseparable from our moral and physical nature on earth, together with an observance of our religious duties, will no doubt at last be rewarded by our restoration to that happiness which we have forfeited above. Consolation is open to you still; riches and honours are your's; you may benefit others by your example, and relieve the misery of the poor and destitute. Rouse yourself then to exertion, my dear Giovanna, and in dispelling the woes of helpless infancy and decripid age, I am much mistaken if your heart would remain a stranger to joy. Use your best endeavours to recover your health: life is too short to be wasted in vain regret: contentment and repose may yet be your lot. I do not require you to forget Rimini, rather rejoice in having such a kinsman.'

I started: his last words touched my heart, and inflicted a pang which my friend hasted to relieve, by exciting my attention to the events of his own life, part of which have been already related in the beginning of these memoirs, and was communicated to me by his sister Ignatia. Mr. Monro having paused a few moments, continued as follows.

CHAP. II.

"Pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

"Mrs. Montgomery, implacable in her resentments, defeated every effort on my side to gain one moments conversation with either her or Veronica after her husband's death, who unfortunately fell by my father's hand in a duel; and was preparing to tear her daughter away for ever, out of the reach of him who was the object of her earliest affection, and whom she loved with undivided tenderness and unabated fervor: and as the disembodied soul is supposed to haunt the scenes of its former joys, and hover over the spot where its

earthly treasure lies, so I wandered night after night round her dwelling, animated by the hope of once more beholding Veronica: but in vain. Mrs. Montgomery never lost sight of her daughter in the day time; and had removed her from the apartment which she usually occupied to one opening into her own; but Sarah Renfew, Veronica's nurse, who still lived in the family, was not proof against those tears and that dejection which threatened the life of her darling child, whom she had cherished in the dangerous paths of infancy, and watched over with unremitting care: and fully aware as to the cause of this grief, she determined to give us if possible an opportunity of meeting once more.

"The family were to leave Scotland in a week or ten days at furthest, when Veronica requested permission to visit for the last time the grave which enclosed

her father's remains; and Mrs. Montgomery, having consented to it with some reluctance, committed her to the care of her nurse, who gave me timely notice of this intention. The minister's house was at a small distance from the church-yard, both within an hours walk of Mrs. Montgomery's residence.

"It was late in the evening of a delicious autumnal day that Veronica, accompanied by her nurse, proceeded to the burial ground, which lay on the declivity of a hill. Repose and silence reigned around, except when the breeze shook a few discoloured leaves from the trees which shaded the tomb stones; and whose opening branches disclosed to view the soft broken waves of the green sea, partially flowing beneath the beams of the setting sun: she soon discovered the grave of her father, distinguished by an iron rail-

ing, and throwing herself on the discoloured turf, exclaimed:

"Do I for the last time behold this sacred earth, which covers my father's remains? Best of parents, most beloved of men, would that I had died in my infancy, supported by thy dear arms, my head sinking on thy bosom: what anguish would have been spared me, what a weight of woe. In a few days I shall look back upon Scotland, and see the dear spot where all my affections are centered, retreat for ever from my view; while Arthur will forget me, and choose another bride.'

A rustling which my steps made among the decayed leaves drew her attention towards me, and she instantly arose to meet me, and I clasped her in my arms, while she remained for some moments motionless with surprise and joy. At length she

answered my assurances of tenderness with reciprocal love. I recalled to Veronica's recollection her father's wishes respecting our union, and professed my determination of surmounting those obstacles which arose to oppose our wishes; while she trembled at the thought of incurring her mother's displeasure, by acting in opposition to her acknowledged views: but her reluctance gradually subsided as I led her towards the minister's dwelling, whom I had prepared for our approach; and alive only to the joy of being inseparably united to him whom she had loved in her infancy and afterwards beheld with exquisite predilection as the destined partner of her life, her mother's prohibition was forgotten. We found the minister sitting at the door of his dwelling, enjoying the cool of the evening: he received us with

kindness and cordiality, and smiled as I eagerly requested that he would that instant join our hands.

"I know not, my children,' replied he, 'whether I am to blame in uniting you under the present circumstances; for the consent of parents is no doubt salutary in similar cases; yet, when we consider the strength of those passions which prompt mankind to form into families, and the dreadful consequences which sometimes arise when these inclinations are thwarted, and knowing as I do how little you were to blame for that disastrous event which was to separate you from this maiden, your affianced wife, I shall not therefore hesitate to join your hands, and may heaven sanction this union with its blessing.'

"I received with transport the hand of Veronica, which this good old man placed in mine; and we rapturously

exchanged vows of everlasting constancy and love.

"Before we parted she requested that I would deposit under a particular stone near her mother's dwelling some small Scotch pebbles which I had in one of our summer rambles picked up on the sea shore near Belmore: she had refused to trust them in the jeweller's hands, or to give them any other polish than what they had received from the waves, desiring me to drill them so as to receive a small thread, intending to wear them as a necklace: this happened a few days before her father's death. Amid the awful events which immediately followed, it is no wonder that they lay forgotten: on returning home I sought for them, and employed the whole of the following night in forming the necklace, and deposited it under the stone at day-break.

At the next interview which I had with my beloved, she was decorated with these pebbles, which she promised never to part with but to some object as dear to her as myself.

"And, think,' added she smiling, 'I am in no danger of losing them.'

"We settled our plans of future correspondence, but it remained to be known to what part of the continent Mrs. Montgomery meant to retire; but whenever that might be, she was to give me notice, and invite my steps thither, as soon as she could find courage to disclose to her parent our marriage, and succeed in softening her displeasure: alas! how little did I imagine that I beheld Veronica for the last time. On the 21st of October, 1791, Mrs. Montgomery, her daughter, and attendants, left Scotland, and proceeded to Switzerland: the last letter which I ever received from her gave

me notice that they were at Lausanne, that a few weeks would oblige her to disclose our marriage, which her mother's continued enmity towards our family made her tremble to think of. It contained an earnest entreaty that I would not hazard an interview till I again heard from her, and till she had used every possible means of reconciling her mother to it. This letter reached me at Paris, in five days after Mr. Pelham's death, who was to have married your friend Ignatia. And after in vain expecting for several weeks to hear from Switzerland, I set out hither, and repaired to Lausanne; but Veronica and her mother had left that place some weeks before my arrival; and for several months all endeavours to discover their retreat proved fruitless. My grandfather's death, and the arrangement of what property he left, recalled me for a few weeks to England:

but with all the impatience of love I again passed into Switzerland, and renewed my search. After crossing the country of the Grisons, and entering the Milanese territory, I directed my course along the lake Maggiore, and about noon, having lost my way, and stopping to inquire of some shepherds whereabouts I was, they directed me to the house of an English lady, who lived not far from the lake, and was remarkable for her hospitality to strangers. The possibility that she might be Mrs. Montgomery immediately occurred to me, and I followed the road pointed out by the shepherds with the utmost perturbation. After an hours walk I approached a neat dwelling-house, seated at the foot of a hill; and a woman servant opening the door, I was ushered into an apartment, at the upper end of which sat Mrs. Montgomery. A stern look and disdainful silence was all the re-

turn which she made to my ardent supplications for pardon, and breathless inquiries after Veronica, whose name escaped my lips the moment I entered, and whom my inquiring eye in vain sought to discover. I endeavoured to conciliate her regard by every possible means, and falling at her feet, pleaded my claims to her forgiveness; and ventured with trembling emotion to mention those concessions due to the husband of her daughter: she had risen at my entrance, and was preparing to leave the room, when I arrested her steps. Disengaging herself from my grasp, rage and indignation fired her eye, and deepened every wrinkle which age and sorrow had made in her once beautiful countenance.—

"I owe no concession,' exclaimed she, 'to the man who robbed me of my daughter, and who basely stole alliance with a family that scorned

and rejected him. But,' continued she, 'the unhappy girl is no more; she paid the forfeit of her disobedience: the moment which gave birth to a daughter conveyed her for ever from your reach, and dissolved the detested union. Begone, I say,' waving her hand for me to depart; 'go elsewhere and raise the seeds of rebellion, and teach other children to mock their mother's pains, and to barb the arrow which misfortune has driven into the breast which nourished them.'

"The death of my wife, mentioned in this sudden manner, overwhelmed me with the fiercest pangs, and made me insensible to the bitterness and wrath of the enraged woman before me. I conjured her to relate the circumstances of Veronica's death, and to reveal to me the fate of my infant, that I might indulge the joy of

pressing to my bosom all that remained to me of her whom I had loved from my infancy, and so long beheld as the arbitress of my destiny, and lovely source of every joy. I conjured her by the memory most dear to her, to pity my woes, and convey my infant to my arms. I thought for one moment, that I beheld her relent: she grew pale: trembling tears rolled in her eyes, and her heart seemed rent with contending passions: but suddenly turning to me: 'What,' said she, 'shall I hold communication with the son of a murderer? Can I forget that Montgomery, the husband of my youth, the adored lover and friend, fell by your father's hand, which ought to have warded off every blow that threatened his generous bosom: torn from his unhappy wife and child, no time given him to embrace them, to bid them farewel.

Quit my sight,' exclaimed she; 'thou art hateful to my eyes, son of a detested assassin.'

"These cruel aspersions, this ungovernable rage, drove from my soul those sentiments of tenderness and submission which animated me while I implored pardon at the feet of Veronica's offended parent: rising suddenly, and fixing my eye sternly on her countenance, 'Implacable woman,' cried I, 'thou art cursed with a heart of iron, and the furies have steeled thy soul against the pleadings of humanity: canst thou forget those years passed in reciprocal acts of affection and endearment which rendered our habitations the abode of harmony and of love? Can you resist the pleadings of pity, and so sternly upbraid the guiltless son of an unhappy parent, who expiated his fault with his own blood?'

'Ah!' exclaimed she, 'is Monro dead, and by his own hand too?' and a gleam of savage satisfaction darted from her eyes, while I stood in mute horror, at beholding the dreadful deformity which the passions of rage and revenge create in the human countenance: and I should instantly have quitted Mrs. Montgomery's sight for ever, had not the wish I felt of hearing about my daughter arrested my steps: in reply to my inquiries, she told me in a few words that the infant had perished when about a twelvemonth old in the snow, having been unfortunately overwhelmed by the fall of an avalanche, as she was taking the air with her nurse, at some distance from the house: and Mrs. Montgomery's countenance betraying emotions of grief as she told me this, left me little room to doubt the truth of it; however, I hurried from her

presence, no less disgusted with her than she was with me. The evening was far advanced as I turned from Mrs. Montgomery's door; but I thought not of it, and continued my way full of miserable reflections, careless whither the path I trod would lead me; and my mind completely preoccupied by the foregoing scene.

"Good God!' exclaimed I, 'it is surely easier to pacify an enraged tigress than a revengeful woman.' It is an incomprehensible thing, that the death of her daughter, in whom she daily traced the resemblance of a husband whom she idolized, and whose death almost drove her mad, should make so little impression on her mind as to allow her to discuss the subject in so unfeeling a manner, when she evidently appeared concerned at the death of an infant, whom she had scarcely seen, and whose tender age could not be

supposed to have excited much interest in her bosom: altogether it was inexplicable. I continued walking part of the night, seeking without success to regain the place where I had ordered my attendants to wait for me: and fatigue obliging me to repose in the cavity of a rock, I waited impatiently the return of day-light. The beams of the morning began to tinge the sky, when I discovered to the right an extensive lake or river, and to the left a barren tract of country, without the smallest vestige of human habitation: I directed my steps close along the shore, which gently shelved into the water, and appeared shallow to a considerable distance from land: I observed an island before me, and discovered a small eddy of curling smoke ascending from among the trees, which spread over its surface. Some herds feeding in a spot of pasture ground,

and the barking of a dog, and bleating of sheep, which the breeze wafted over the water, left me no room to doubt but that the island was inhabited.

"I am an expert swimmer," continued Mr. Monro; "and invited by the transparency of the water, and urged by the necessity of procuring some refreshment, I advanced without hesitation into the water, which at first was little more than breast deep; I then floated gently with the eddy, which bore me to the island in a quarter of an hour, and landing, I made the best of my way to the place from whence I had seen the smoke arise: after entering an enclosure, I passed among some sheep, and followed by their faithful guardian the dog, I came to a poultry yard, and the cackle of hens, gabble of geese, and flutter of pigeons, announced my approach as I drew near a small cottage, neatly

built of stone, and covered with straw: and looking in at an open window, I discovered an elderly man sitting there, who appeared to view me with mingled emotions of surprise and displeasure. I saluted him respectfully, and apologized for my intrusion by relating the circumstances which had brought me thither; requesting he would have the goodness to receive me with hospitality, as I stood in need of some refreshment and repose. The stranger appeared to be near fifty years of age: his countenance was at once phlegmatic and indicative of irritability, while pride, coldness, and melancholy appeared blended there in equal proportions: he addressed me in English as follows:—

"I have resided here unmolested fo ten years, and would gladly have dispensed with your presence on the present occasion: however, as you are come,

you are welcome to partake of what nourishment my house affords, and equally so to take yourself away again as soon as you please.' So saying, he left the room, and a black servant coming in, brought me an English breakfast, which I had not tasted for many months. Curiosity to see more of this extraordinary personage, who with the servant appeared the only inhabitants in the island, detained my steps, and I determined not to leave it till my unceremonious host should desire me in plain terms to do so.

"After breakfast I took a survey of the island, and found that it was divided into two unequal parts by a valley which extended from north to south; and a stream of water rising in the eastern side, and taking a winding direction, conveyed fertility to most parts of it, which consisted chiefly of

fine downs, with here and there spots of land, which had been sown with corn: a few sheep were confined in a pen, others ranging at pleasure over the downs. Several pigs of a small growth were busily employed in turning up the mould in search of roots and nuts. Guinea fowls and peacocks ran along the skirts of the wood: and partridges, by their anxiety and fluttering, directed my attention to their callow young, running along the edge of the grassy path I trod. But except the hares, which scudded before me, and whose seats I discovered in the grass, and the nimble squirrel springing from tree to tree, I did not observe any wild animal whatever. Returning to the edge of the water, I discovered a shed, fishing tackle, and hand nets, by which I supposed that the stranger frequently drew his nourishment from the

water, which surrounded his domains only a mile and a half in circumference: the air was indescribably invigorating, and reminded me of those salubrious breezes which I had so frequently enjoyed in the southern counties of England: and every object I saw considerably enforced these impressions, and I could have fancied myself surrounded by the comforts enjoyed in the opulent farm-houses in Devonshire or Cornwall.

The cottage consisted of several rooms, where every thing was arranged with neatness and elegance. One of these opened into a garden in front of the house, surrounded by a hedge of sweetbriars, sheltering those flowers which grew in profusion beneath it: fruit trees and vegetables occupied the centre, and aromatic herbs attracted the indefatigable bee, several hives of which were placed at the end of the

garden; and the dove somtimes ventured to extend her wing over the fence of sweetbriar, and to gather the seeds which lay in abundance on the ground, and would enter the stranger's habitation, who eyed her with complacency, and listened to her soft mononotous note: and the dog, which usually reposed at the foot of his master, when nothing without roused his attention, or demanded his care, appeared to view, without envy, his master's favourite, and seldom chased away the sober cat or playful kitten, who loved to pur and sport around the hand that fed them. When I beheld the sun decline in the horizon, I returned to the cottage, and was met at the door of it by the stranger, who informed me, that if I chose to do so, I might stay and partake of his dinner which was almost ready. I

followed him into his sitting-room, and several dishes, extremely well dressed, were immediately brought in, and the stranger seating himself at the upper end of the table, selected those he most approved, and without in the least adverting to my presence, began quietly eating his dinner. I followed his example, and the silence remained undisturbed till the black servant had removed the table-cloth, when he spoke to me as follows:

"I am a native of England, was born in Yorkshire, and inherited a considerable fortune from my father, Sir Frederic Willoughby, who died when I was only eight years of age. My guardians promoted a match between me and Miss Selby, whose lands lay contiguous to my own, and whose father kept the best pack of hounds, and bred the best game cocks in the

neighbourhood. I liked the estate very well, and had no objection to the girl, so we were married: and my wife brought me a son, the only child she ever had. Lady Willoughby is one of those women whose wayward untractable disposition renders home a place of torment, and like an evil genii, haunt the imagination of the wretched husband when abroad, and present to his remembrance scenes of misery go where he will. Discontented, querulous, and unhappy, jealous, fractious, and vindictive, every person and circumstance, how productive soever of pleasure to a sane mind, was viewed through the medium of her own fantastic imagination, and converted into gall and bitterness; while the transient gleams of good humour, which occasionally broke through the gloom, made ill amends for weeks and months

of sullenness and ill-humour. After bearing this worst species of Egyptian bondage for ten years, I broke my fetters, and converting one third of my property into ready money, retreated hither, leaving England for ever, and my family entirely ignorant of the place of my retreat. This faithful black whom you see, followed me, and causing this habitation to be made, I have hitherto enjoyed it undisturbed.' Sir Frederic Willoughby, having said this, relapsed into his former taciturnity.

"The day following, and several others, passed without my receiving any mandate to depart, or any invitation to stay. I had shared his solitude about a week, when one day having walked to the edge of the island, we stood viewing the water and opposite coast, when we discovered a boat ad-

vancing towards us in full sail, and evidently making for the island.

"Sir Frederic exclaimed with impetuous vexation in his looks, 'Ah! a misfortune never comes alone: who have we got here now?' The boat cast anchor opposite his habitation, and a party landed, consisting of a woman gaily dressed, followed by two young men, with several servants, and they proceeded hastily to the cottage. I followed Sir Frederic, who gravely and slowly returned thither, where we found the party newly arrived ransacking the apartments, running from room to room; and the clatter of tongues, together with the words, "Frederic, see where your father keeps his books; God bless us! look at his poultry-yard, and pig-stye, &c," soon informed us who these unwelcome visitors were. Immediately as Sir Frederic entered,

his wife attempted to throw herself into his arms, overwhelming him with inquiries, reproaches, and congratulations, and stunning him with vociferous appeals to his humanity, and upbraidings for having left her forlorn and desolate, at the same time declaring that he must either be content to return with her to England, or permit her to share his solitude, for that she could no longer live without him.

"Sir Frederic answered not a word, and appeared to view with equal indifference her fondness or reproaches, which she continued to pour forth till the calls of hunger directed her attention another way; and she commanded the attendants to lay the cloth, and bring in this, and take away that, reassuming the management of her husband's house; and threatening and commanding the servants accordingly; we

placed ourselves at table. Sir Frederic helped himself as usual in silence; and quietly continued eating his dinner. As soon as the cloth was withdrawn, Lady Willoughby returned to the charge with renewed vigour, endeavouring to rivet his attention, and convince his reason by every argument which she had ever heard made use of on similar occasions: and was proceeding in her harangue, when Sir Frederic, sternly looking at her, commanded silence, and spoke as follows;

"It was not in consequence of any trivial misunderstanding, or slight provocation, that I forsook my country, and deserted the sacred duties of the husband and the father: heaven knows how gladly would I have fulfilled them, had it been possible: and your own conscience, madam,' continued he, 'will tell you how assiduously I strove

to bring you back to reason; and how earnestly I besought you to curb that violent and irritable spirit, which like a spectre, for ever started up between us, and drove away domestic peace. Jealous and impatient about trifles, envious and proud; overrating your own abilities, and despising those of others; eternally making your empty weak decisions the rule of every action, the touch-stone of every desert; I beheld my connexions hated and despised; my friends driven from me by the unrestrained virulence of your tongue, by the the scouling haughtiness of your eye; their merits decried, their persons ridiculed for no other reason than because I loved and esteemed them. Woman! you turned aside purposely to gather thorns, wherewith to strew my pillow; and long did you cling about me like Dejanira's poisoned tunic;

and when at last I flung it from me, fool that you are to suppose I will again take the envenomed plague to my bosom, or remain with you under the same sky:" so saying, he darted a look of revenge at his wife, and left the room."

CHAP. III.

"Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be feared,
As to be wantonly incurred;
To gratify a fretful passion
On ev'ry trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

"Lady Willoughby was rather above the middle height, well proportioned, and though five and forty years of age, might still be called a good looking woman; her complexion was dark, her eyes black, and a very theatrical manner considerably assisted the decided tone of her conversation, and

usually enforced attention from those whom she addressed. A busy active disposition, and a warm temper, was indicated by every look and motion; yet her character was in a great measure free from those insupportable dispositions which her husband had pointed out. She had abundance of ready wit, but not a particle of envy in her composition; and it was equally impossible for her to avoid being discomfited about trifles, or to retain her resentment against any person for four and twenty hours: but the extreme irritability of Sir Frederic Willoughby's mind, together with the constitutional melancholy which pervaded his temperament, caused him to view her dispositions through the medium of his own gloom, and he attributed to her sentiments of turpitude which resided solely in his own morose bosom. As soon as her husband had disappeared,

Lady Willoughby ordered apartments to be prepared for herself and her attendants; and the fatigue of travelling, added to the agitation which her mind had undergone in consequence of this late interview with her husband, considerably accelerated the hour of her repose. She retired as soon as the evening closed in, and sleep soon suspended the volubility of her ladyship's tongue.

Her son, Frederic Willoughby, and relation Charles Selby, who accompanied her to the island, were about seventeen and eighteen years of age, genteel looking young men; but their extreme youth could only afford promises of future excellence, and these on the whole were very fair.

"On the following morning the party rose again fresh and vigorous to the charge, and continued for some time their investigation of Sir Frederic's domestic arrangements, but it did not

for a few hours occur to them to look for him, whom they concluded would return to the cottage during the course of the day; but their expectations were fruitless, and all their endeavours to discover him proved vain. He had left the island during the night, followed by his black servant, in the boat which brought Lady Willoughby and her attendants thither, and they stood aghast, looking at each other in mute dismay, convinced of the impossibility of leaving the island without swimming.

"Unwilling to leave my country people in this dilemma, I remained there several days, and invited by the familiarity which our insulated situation gave rise to; I frequently took occasion to remark to Lady Willoughby my thorough conviction that her disposition would never harmonize with that of her husband's; advising her by

all the arguments I could think of, to rest contented in her own country, in case we were ever fortunate enough to get there, and no longer follow the steps, or disturb the repose of him whose society would now less than ever afford her any satisfaction. She very readily acknowledged the justice of what I said, and promised compliance; at the same time informing me, that she had been enabled to trace his residence, in this remote part of Switzerland, by the report of a traveller, who had like myself observed the smoke issuing from the trees; and inquiring among the natives, discovered that a stranger lived on the island exactly answering the description of her husband. That she had immediately set out, and travelled from England with considerable difficulty and fatigue, and had only now to wish herself back again; regretting that she

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had ever left it: so little is in general gained by pursuing those who fly from us.

"It was in vain that we stood viewing with anxious eye the surface of the lake, in hopes of discovering the light sail, or dashing oar; and the banner which we had fixed on a rising ground vainly waved its invitation to the passing bark, or distant traveller. The fluttering bird sometimes flew from the land, and alighted on our island; and the trout leaped up in the stream, but no signals of intelligence broke upon the gloom of solitude, or gave us intimation of approaching freedom.

"After remaining there three weeks, it was determined that we should adopt some active measure for our release from a captivity which seemed likely to last for ever, for any thing we could see to the contrary, We

had three servants, and two watermen among us, but I was the only person who was a sufficiently expert swimmer to venture to the main land, which was near two miles distant, and the water in many places like a mill-pond, in consequence of the streams falling in perpetually from the neighbouring mountains. The watermen informed me that the lake was of considerable extent, not less than thirty-six miles; and at the farthest extremity of it there lay some fishermen's huts, from whom a small bark might be purchased, of sufficient size to carry us severally to the opposite shore: but how to get there was the difficulty, for the border of the lake was in many places rendered impassable, by the torrents and precipices which intersected it. After much deliberation, we had recourse to Sir Frederic's tools, abundance of which

lay scattered here and there, and having constructed a raft, and placed upon it a few days provision, some garments, &c. assisted by one of the men, I paddled along the surface of the lake, keeping close to the shore, and on the evening of the third day came in sight of the fishermen's huts, who were dragging their nets, and the fish just caught, glittered in the moonbeams like heaps of silver. We found no difficulty in procuring a boat, and on the following morning I set out again at day-break, and in about twelve hours came in sight of the island, and was much surprised at not seeing any of my friends appear on the heights, or at the landing place, to welcome my return. On searching the cottage all was silent, but a considerable degree of confusion appeared among the furniture, domestic arrangements, &c. Sir Frederic's books had

been thrown on the ground, the chairs and tables tumbled in heaps, the doors and windows were open, and the pigs and goats had been admitted into the garden; but no one was to be seen. I could only conclude that my friends had hailed some vessel during my absence, and gone on board without waiting for my return, which they probably considered as uncertain; but I could by no means account for the extraordinary confusion which reigned around. However, as the day was wearing apace, I did not choose to waste any more time in conjecture, and leaving every thing just as I found it, returned to the boat, and having landed on the opposite coast, took the boatman as a guide, and proceeded towards Milan, where I had ordered my attendants to rendezvous.

"It was some months after my return to England before I knew how Lady

Willoughby and her suite were released from the island. Walking along one of the principal streets in London, I was accosted by Charles Selby, who expressed much joy at our meeting, and retiring to a neighbouring coffee-house, he informed me, that towards the evening of the day on which we had separated, they had observed a boat making towards them, and soon afterwards, a person landing presented a written paper to Lady Willoughby, containing these words,—"I suppose "by this time that you are as ready to "leave the island as you were to come "to it; therefore, to give you an oppor-"tunity of doing so, I send back your "boat, and wish at the same time to in-"form you that all further attempts "to molest me will be equally vain, "for when this letter reaches you I shall "have quitted for ever the hemisphere "which you inhabit, and which your

"spirit of persecution has rendered in-
"supportable." — Lady Willoughby indignantly tore up the scroll, giving the fragments to the winds, uttering at the same time bitter invectives against her husband; and returning hastily to the house, proceeded to demolish every thing there which she could lay her hands upon, and running into the garden, tore up the flowers, roots, and shrubs; let loose the fowls and geese, and opened the sheep pens, and ordering her son to follow her, we all embarked, and landing at Locarno, proceeded from thence to Geneva, and so on to England. Little remains worth relating," continued Mr. Monro, "except that in the course of a few years, a letter found me out, after having gone through most of the towns in Switzerland: it was from Sarah Renfrew, mentioning that she was on her way home again into Scotland,

Mrs. Montgomery having died the week before she wrote, and left all her property in the West Indies to a French family. I received this faithful creature with satisfaction, and we sometimes talked over those cruel occurrences which sundered the interests of two families, to all appearance inseparably united; and annihilated their happiness for ever."

CHAP. IV.

"La Philosophie triomphe aisement des maux passés, et des maux a venir; mais les maux presens triomphent d'elle."

Those circumstances which Mr. Monro had related to me held their place in my recollection long after his voice had ceased to vibrate in my ear. My thoughts followed the unfortunate Veronica into exile; I beheld her driven from that land where all her affections centered, and where her heart had first been taught to feel all the fleeting pleasures and lasting cares of love. I traced her in a foreign country, exposed to the displeasure of her offended mother, and to the tediousness of delusive expectation; and lastly, I

beheld her death-bed, uncheered by the presence of her husband; the pangs of dissolution embittered by his absence, for whom alone she wished to live: — "But Veronica's sufferings," exclaimed I, "were speedily terminated; the sleep of death overtook her in her bloom, and followed quickly the footsteps of disappointment; while I, alas! am possibly condemned to linger out years in misery, my mind disordered, my gaiety destroyed. "It was in vain that I endeavoured to rouse my sluggish spirits, or yield to the entreaties of my friends: society was disagreeable to me, and the merriment of others irksome: my mind had been rendered so extremely irritable by my late illness and recent disappointment, that I was unable to bear the slightest addition to its already exquisitely painful sensations. I usually pleaded indisposition, and remained alone, though

Mr. Monro endeavoured to engage me in conversation. I thought his philosophy harsh, and fancied that his eye reproached me for the indulgence of grief which I knew to be irremediable, and for the encouragement of regrets equally fruitless. About the latter end of January, those incessant rains peculiar to the season of the year, and to the climate of Lisbon, gave way for a few days: the sun shone with warmth from among the broken clouds, and the blue ether appeared again in broad expanse over the beautiful vale of Alcantara, which I traversed, attended only by a muleteer. We skirted along the side of the river, which rose with a hoarse murmur among the rocks; a wood of young orange trees to the right, glowing with fruit and flowers, diffused a delicious perfume. Desirous of gathering a few of the flowers and

oranges which lay on the ground, I dismounted, and ordering the muleteer to proceed with the mules to the aqueduct, and wait for me there, I entered the wood, which instantly recalled to my recollection that in the vicinity of Naples, which I had so often traversed with Rimini, resting upon his arm. I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree; the murmur of the distant river, the gentle vibration of the leaves, the perfume of the plants, all powerfully assisted the deception, and falling into a delicious reverie, the soft accents of Rimini's voice seemed gradually approaching, and becoming more distinct, I started, and rapturously turned, expecting to behold him at my side; but those images which fancy had conjured up, and adorned with the colours of truth, vanished, and left me alive to all the bitterness of reality. Alarmed at this wandering of my rea-

son, which had opened afresh every wound of my soul, I covered my face with my hands, and shed tears in abundance, and continued weeping, almost unconsciously, when the voice of Mr. Monro recalled my attention, whom I beheld standing near me, viewing me with evident marks of concern in his countenance: I hastily endeavoured to conceal my tears, and arose to meet him: he kindly took my hand, and leading me back to the seat from whence I had risen at his approach, placed himself by me, and spoke as follows:—

"I have of late perceived that you view me with prejudice, my dear Giovanna, for no other reason than because I have remonstrated with you against the indulgence of the depressing passions, those implacable foes to ever active virtue, and imperceptible, but inevitable destroyers of our existence. You

are mistaken in supposing me one of those rigid censors, and regard with displeasure, not pity, the inefficacy of their arguments, and futility of their endeavours to console the afflicted. I have suffered too much myself in the early part of life not to make every possible allowance for the feelings of another in affairs of this nature, which usually seize upon the mind with such resistless violence. You are acquainted with my history, and will recollect that I felt with uncommon poignancy those misfortunes which concurred to deprive me of a woman whom I had loved in my childhood, and who possessed all those endowments which would have secured my domestic happiness; and shall I tell you, my dear Giovanna, what succeeded in alleviating the pangs of disappointment? It was an attentive performance of those duties of active

benevolence, which reason and religion equally enjoin; despair and gloom no longer found admittance to my soul, and believe me, my dear Giovanna," continued he, "that those evils which you lament with so much bitterness, will yield, if you will steadily resolve to make those exertions, and pursue those measures necessary for vanquishing them: I shall sail for England by the very next opportunity, unless you will allow me to guide your steps to the abodes of misery, which I know your generous heart will not witness without making efforts to relieve." So saying, he passed my arm through his, and we proceeded towards the aqueduct, where the mules were waiting for us, and soon afterwards returned to Buenos Ayres.

Mr. Monro was faithful to his promise; he conducted me to the dwellings of the poor, and I beheld with emo-

tions of grief and pity the ravages of sickness and of want. The palsied hand of age was feebly extended to receive the donation which we offered with a liberal hand, and the heavy eye of languor and disease beamed with joy at our approach: the meagre children arose to meet us with smiles of alacrity, and gladness succeeding to anguish, brightened the countenances of these poor people, most of whom had been sufferers in consequence of the late disturbances in Portugal, which had deprived them of their usual means of procuring a subsistence; and in some instances their habitations and cloathing had been destroyed by the flames. Our charitable distributions were made without any distinction whatever between friend or foe; but I had occasion, in several instances, to observe that the natives of Portugal, whom we were assiduously relieving,

reluctantly received the offered gratuity from the hands of Mr. Monro, the friend to their country, while they willingly received it from mine. Though their miseries in a great measure arose from the depredations committed by my countrymen the French, yet his religion as a Protestant afforded them an infinitely greater subject of dislike and disapprobation.

Deeply engaged in these exercises of charity, my mind, occupied in enumerating the woes of others, gradually became less sensible of its own. My conversations with Mr. Monro became animated, and we discoursed on the different merits and necessities of those we wished to relieve with increasing interest, and formed plans for their permanent advantage: he related to me a variety of anecdotes respecting the gradual means by which some of them had fallen into misery, and de-

tailed to me the plan of several benevolent institutions in his own country, England, where so great a portion of *private* property is given for the relief of the indigent, and the *benefit of the community at large.* As soon as Mr. Monro perceived me alive to any species of satisfaction whatever, he prevailed upon me to join in the amusements which the place afforded, and no longer shun the society of my friends. He frequently came, accompanied by Mr. Frederic Willoughby, whose father's eccentric character has already been mentioned, and Mr. Charles Selby, a relation of Lady Willoughby's, both pleasing young Englishmen, good-looking, and well made; but they required to be well known, in order to be estimated as they deserved; for a degree of *roideur* and reserve enveloped their good-nature and good understanding,

abundance of which they possessed, presenting no very pleasing specimen of the mind within; but this giving way on a better acquaintance, I thought few young men more deserving, or better informed than Mr. Frederic Willoughby, and his cousin Charles Selby; Sir Frederic was supposed to be still alive in America; and Lady Willoughby resided in Yorkshire upon her son's estate, and he generally resorted thither during the hunting season, and passed the spring in London.

The new year was approaching fast, when a signal flag, placed on an eminence at Buenos Ayres, gave notice of the approaching vessel, and soon afterwards M. de Liancourt dispatched a *galligo*, or Portuguese servant, from the police office, to tell us that Madame de Verneuil and her attendants were on board a vessel in the harbour, and that he was preparing to meet and

escort her to an hotel in Lisbon. I immediately followed Madame de Liancourt, who got into her carriage and drove to the hotel; and as soon as our arrival was announced, we heard the light steps of Pamela and Victoire de St. Hilaire advancing to meet us; and these dear girls embraced us with tears of joy: the pleasure of the moment chased from my mind all recollection of their father, whom I thought not about till their robes of crape and deep mourning suggested to me the possibility that my former persecutor was no more; and this I soon found to be the case. Madame de Verneuil, whose sinking eye and sallow complexion denoted increasing bad health, in appearance and manner, fully justified the extreme partiality of her friends; she appeared about fifty years of age, without a single vestige remaining of former beauty: she received us with

gentleness and cordiality; and while I had retired with Pamela and Victoire, to talk over a thousand interesting trifles, she disclosed to Madame de Liancourt the circumstances attending their father's death.

Soon after his return to Paris, he had succeeded in seducing the affianced bride of a notary, who possessed a considerable property. The bitterness of disappointed avarice and love had wrought so powerfully on the mind of the lover, that he is supposed to have conveyed poison to his rival, either by means of a pair of gloves, or a snuff-box: certain it is, that M. de St. Hilaire died soon after this affair took place, with every indication of having been poisoned, though it could never be discovered in what manner: his property, which was considerable, had been equally divided between his three daughters; and I was not a little de-

lighted at the improvement which a few months had made in Pamela and Victoire's appearance; the former of these was my exact counterpart, and it was difficult to discover any dissimilarity between us when dressed alike. I had worn black since we were in Portugal, and arm-in-arm we were twin sisters.

The Portuguese, who like most southern nations, admire fair hair and blue eyes, were never weary of viewing and extolling our charms; and the muleteers and baros drivers nearly evinced the same admiration when we rode near Lisbon, as the female inhabitants of the island of Capri, whom I met returning from the stream. Victoire resembled Angelica de Linois in the cast of her countenance and expression of her features, and though only in her fifteenth year, might be taken for seventeen at least; so tall

was she and well formed. Victoire de St. Hilaire possessed in an eminent degree that attractive and indescribable charm which can exist without regularity of feature or brilliancy of complexion: all her acquaintances pronounced her pretty, without being able to mention a fine feature in her face, or good point about her figure: her skin was freckled without being fair; her nose short, and teeth irregularly set; her person was deficient in grace; a bluntness, or, if I may so express myself, a *naiveté* of movement, which indicated all the artlessness of a disposition ever active to oblige, ever ready to promote the comfort of others, distinguished Victoire more than any girl I ever met with; and she heeded not whether these sentiments were conveyed with polish of manner or elegance of language; an affectionate

heart and good temper dimpled her cheek, and appeared so fully disclosed in every look and motion, that it was impossible to feel otherwise than joyous when she appeared, and those endeavours which she eternally made to please others were seldom unsuccessful; envy itself was heard to declare, that Victoire de St. Hilaire was a fine girl, and had no harm in her.

Mr. Frederic Willoughby soon became sensible of her attractions, and omitted no opportunity of telling her so; and if his attentions did not possess all that ardour and refined delicacy which so strongly characterized others already mentioned, yet they were not on that account the less pleasing to Victoire; her own sprightliness and sunshine of heart gave brilliancy to every occurrence, and the actions of her friends were always viewed through

that bright medium; and possibly their imperfect knowledge of each other's language might contribute to mislead her imagination, for she understood the English language but imperfectly, and he knew still less of French; however he succeeded in securing her affections completely.

Pamela, on the contrary, declared that Mr. Willoughby was too cold a lover: "And oh!" continued she, "how unlike de Verneuil!" She paused, and blushing cast her eyes to the ground. I remained silent. She had conjured up in my mind a thousand fancies; and in Pamela might I not behold his future bride? The charms of her beauty so attractive, her sentiments so pure and refined, her heart, if I might venture to think so, already prejudiced in his favour; in her affection, in her tenderness, he would experience that felicity which it was not given

me to bestow, and I should no longer have to lament the continuance of an attachment which had so long banished repose from his bosom.

From that moment Pamela became my inseparable companion, and without communicating to her my designs, I made her, in a measure, subservient to them. I endeavoured to mould her expressions after my own, and to convey the same sentiments to her bosom. I taught her to excel upon the harp, in executing those songs which had so often absorbed the perceptions of de Verneuil; and I selected each part of her dress after the model of my own.

"*Nous trahirons l'amour!*" exclaimed I; "*cet Enfant malin qui se plait a contrarier le bonheur des humains; croyant renoveller les dou-*

leurs de mon ami en lancent ses Fleches perfides, le sein tendre de Pamela les recevra; et ton Cœur de Verneuil se rendra a ses attraits."

CHAP. V.

"Velga il ciel felici amanti,
Sempre a voi benigni i rai;
Ne prover vi faccia mai
Il destino della mia fe,
Non invidio il vostro affetto
Ma vorrei che in qualche petto
La pieta ch'io mostro a voi
Si trovasse ancor per me."

Among several trinkets which Mr. Willoughby had recently purchased in Lisbon, intending them as presents for his friends in London, was a very valuable snuff-box of Brazil gold, but of indifferent workmanship. The Portuguese jeweller, from whom he had bought it, gave him his receipt, which he put into his waistcoat pocket:—"I

would advise you Frederic, said Mr. Monro," who happened to be present; "to put that receipt out of the way; otherwise you will be presenting it to some lady instead of a billet doux."

"There is no great danger of that," replied the other: "I promise you, for I could just as soon write a copy of verses, as a love letter; and by Jove I would rather ride forty miles, to speak what I had to say, than write to any man or woman either; but come," continued he; "it is time to go to the opera: Charles Selby is engaged this evening, and M. de Liancourt, is gone to the country; I wish Monro you would for once come along with us, for I hate to have the care of so many women; and Victoire must see the new Ballet."

Mr. Monro, who had appointed some trades-people to attend him that evening, promised however, to follow

as soon as possible; therefore the carriages were ordered. Madame de Liancourt and Pamela went in the first, and I followed Victoire into the second; Mr. Willoughby seating himself on a low seat between us, we drove to the opera.

Mr. Willoughby on his arrival in Lisbon had been particularly introduced to Signor Kintella, a Portuguese merchant of considerable estimation, who had given him a few lines of admission to his private box at the opera, which was next but one to the Prince of Brazil's: on our arrival, we found the saloon of entrance crowded with Portuguese passing to and fro, and Mr. Willoughby, who did not understand a word of the language, made the best of his way to one of the box-keepers, and presented his billet of admission, expecting to be shewn as usual into Signor Rintella's box; the man, however,

laughed, and returning it to him, said something which we did not understand.

Mr. Willoughby addressed himself to another box-keeper in the opposite direction, but the same ceremony was repeated, and we stood for some moments in the middle of the saloon, exposed to the smiles and observations of above fifty Portuguese, who actually made a circle round us: we could not speak Portuguese, and there was no one present who appeared to understand the French Language: as for Mr. Willoughby, he was almost beside himself, and unable to speak intelligently in any language whatever. The carriages which had brought us to the opera had driven off, and the servants had been dispatched fifty different ways, for the purpose if possible of finding any of our acquaintances, who understood French and Portuguese,

might be of use in helping us out of our present dilemma. Finding it impossible to remain any longer exposed to the pressure of the crowd; and as the night was remarkably fine, we determined to walk gently back the way we came, in hopes of meeting Mr. Monro. We had barely reached the end of the street leading from the opera, when he discovered the calvacade moving slowly along, and instantly crossed over, suspecting that some ridiculous accident had happened to bring us all back again before the opera was well begun; we explained ourselves to him the best way we could and Mr. Willoughby shewing him the admission ticket, which had in fact been one of *non admission*.

"Then let us turn into this jeweller's shop," replied Mr. Monro: and advancing a few steps, we entered one extremely well lighted; and his usual

gravity was a good deal discomposed when he found that the unfortunate receipt for the snuff box had been presented to the box-keeper instead of Signor Kintella's admission ticket. Mr. Monro, offering his arm to Madame de Liancourt, and leaving Pamela and Victoire to the care of Mr. Willoughby, who gravely walked between them without speaking, we returned to the opera-house; where our second application for admittance met with immediate success: and the exquisite melody of Madame Lorrano, made amends for the difficulty attending our *entré* there. But Victoire's admirer, who never at any time professed much taste for music, felt less inclined than ever to attend to it: and leaning against the back part of the box, I really believe he fell fast asleep; and Victoire, to whom all his whims and fancies were as many additional charms,

would on no account permit us to rally him about the snuff box, or annoy him by our conversation. So he continued lying *perdû* till the curtain dropped, and we returned home. Mr. Willoughby's *serious* attentions to Victoire de St. Hilaire met with all the success which he could possibly wish, and after a courtship of a few weeks, they were married; and immediately afterwards prepared to return to England, accompanied by Mr. Selby and Monro, who told me smiling, that he believed I was now sufficiently strong to walk alone.

On the evening previous to their departure, he expressed himself to me on the following terms:—"Well as I know myself, and attentively as I am accustomed to watch every emotion of my soul, I did not believe myself capable of feeling so great a degree of predilection in favour of any one, or of ex-

periencing so great a reluctance, in saying farewell, as I do on the present occasion. I could almost wish I were never to leave you; alleviate to me this regret, by assurances that you will at all times command my services, and frequently let me hear from you. I shall impatiently expect a letter almost immediately after my return to Scotland; and should any unexpected event restore to you the felicity which you so well deserve, fail not instantly to communicate the intelligence to me, who will rejoice at it from my very soul. In the meantime, persevere in your pursuits of active benevolence, and be assured, my dear girl, they will prove a source of lasting comfort, when all others disappear. Farewell: may heaven bless you with its choicest gifts!"

It was long before I became reconciled to Mr. Monro's departure, or

unmindful of his admonitions: each day increased my conviction of their excellent tendency. I was no longer sunk in gloomy despondency, or listless inactivity, but began to view the past with quiet resignation, and the future with confidence and composure; I resolved to encounter with fortitude, those evils which might yet be in store for me, and these dspositions were soon called forth into action. About this time, the public papers gave us notice, that those regiments in which Rimini and de Verneuil served on duty in Spain, had encamped near Seville; and that an engagement was hourly expected, the natives having mustered a considerable body of men, in order to oppose the Emperor's designs.

Madame de Verneuil soon afterwards received from her son an ample account of the action which had taken place, on the fifteenth of March, and after a short preamble, she put the

latter into my hands; pointing to the following passage which related to Rimini, and which was equally calculated to confirm or remove my fears.

"The last time I saw him," continued de Verneuil, "was on the evening of the day on which our troops were called out to resist the attacks of the Spaniards, who nearly succeeded in driving us out of our encampment. Rimini was fighting his way through several of the enemy who had completely surrounded him. I was flying to his assistance with all possible alacrity, and had already succeeded in overturning some of his assailants, when a retreat was sounded, and the brigade in which I command, was called off to another part of the field. Immediately afterwards, an armistice was proclaimed, and the warriors on both sides prepared to drop the bayonet, and laying their helmets aside, seek repose and refreshment after the fatigues of the day: in lieu of which,

I endeavoured to rejoin Rimini; but, alas! he was no where to be found, and all inquiries for this purpose have proved fruitless; it is, however, beyond a doubt that he has not fallen in the action: the only fear arises from the possibility of his having proved a sacrifice to treachery; a private in his own regiment saw him enter a wood a little to the right of the encampment, followed by two or three Spaniards, immediately after the engagement had ceased.

"But," continued de Verneuil, "assure Giovanna, that I will search for Rimini with undiminished ardour, and I will discover his retreat if it be on the surface of the earth; and restore him to her if he be yet an inhabitant of this globe; assure her that I participate in her anxieties, and make them all my own: tell her to confide in my endeavours to remove them. The affianced lover of

Giovanna, the chosen of her heart, the fortunate Rimini, shall find in me the zeal of fraternal friendship and love."....I had occasion to exert all the fortitude of which I had lately made store to enable me to bear the cruel suspense and anxiety which followed the perusal of de Verneuil's letter, particularly as days and weeks passed away, without any further intelligence: "*Les blessures de l'ame sont comme celles du corps; quelque soin qu'on prenne de les guerir, la ciccatrice paroit toujours et elles sont à tout moment en danger de rouvrir.*" Like most people, whose minds are diseased, I began to imagine that those miserable sensations which oppressed me arose in a great measure from local circumstances, and would yield to change of scene: every object in Lisbon, and in the vicinity, became insupportable to

me; and those alone who have experienced that most dreadful of all diseases, a fever upon the spirits, can conceive the sufferings which are raised in the mind by the most trifling, and apparently insignificant causes. The chime of bells in a neighbouring spire thrilled through my soul, like the passing knell of all I hold most dear, and the very voice of the natives crying *sardinia* through the streets of Buenos Ayres was insufferable to me, and excited tears and sighs till they were out of hearing; and I sometimes started at the conviction which occasionally crossed my mind, that I was gradually losing my senses. It was with sensations of extreme satisfaction that I beheld Madame de Verneuil making preparations for leaving Lisbon, and for returning to the neighbourhood of Toulon. The infirm state of her health had been rather

confirmed than benefited by change of climate, and she declared her resolution of once more enjoying the society of her friends and connexions in France, before she left them for ever: she also thought it a duty incumbent upon her to replace Pamela among her father's connexions; and having several affairs to settle, which she had too much sense and foresight to delay to the very last; and gladly consenting that I should accompany her; after affectionately bidding adieu to Madame de Liancourt, I followed her and Pamela on board the Ajax frigate of thirty-six guns; and we set sail from the Tagus, with a favourable breeze, which promised a fortunate navigation; but we met with a disaster off Cape St. Vincent, the recollection of which is blended in my mind with circumstances of so much horror and

dismay, that I despair of being able to describe it with any clearness of language, or accuracy of detail: as far as the confusion of the moment permitted me to recollect, it happened thus:—about ten o'clock in the morning of the day after that in which we had sailed from Lisbon, Madame de Verneuil had not yet risen, but Pamela was with me, and several other persons, in the great cabin, when an alarm of fire ran like lightning through the frigate, and called each individual to his station on board: a reddish smoke and some sparks of fire had been seen issuing from that part of the vessel called the greater hatchway: and the captain, who instantly ran upon deck, caused wet sails to be extended in that direction, in hopes of extinguishing the flames; but alas! they rapidly increased, and the smoke and heat became insupportable; the drums beat

the alarm, the soldiers were under arms for the purpose of restraining the crew, and enforcing the captain's orders; but the roaring of the flames, the falling of timbers, the shrieks of the wounded, rendered all his endeavours ineffectual: and each person on board thought only of the means necessary for saving himself. The fall of the mainmast lay the frigate on her beam ends, and the circling flames which flickered along the pitchy sides of the vessel, entered the port-holes, and the guns went off with a thundering roar: the reeling frigate rose for an instant at each explosion, and quickly sunk deeper in the waves. The crew attempted to hoist the large boat, but the tackle mouldered like flax at the touch of the flames, and the boat pitching on one of the guns went overboard, and lay with her keel uppermost in the water, without hopes of recovering

her: planks, masts, hen-coops, &c. were seized, and the crew threw themselves into the sea in hopes of reaching the land, at no great distance, where a crowd of persons appeared viewing our calamity, but deterred from a nearer approach: by the discharge of our guns.

I followed the trembling Pamela into Madame de Verneuil's apartment, who in vain attempted to rise: finding all efforts for this purpose fruitless, "My dear children," cried she, while we knelt before her, bathing her hands with our tears, "save yourselves I conjure you, lose not a moment; leave me to that fate which is inevitable; commend me to my son; preserve your lives on his account: can you suppose Henry would survive the loss of us all?" Pamela arose, and throwing her arms round her friend's neck, exclaimed: "Let us endeavour to save you also."

But it was impossible to raise Madame de Verneuil, and at that instant a gust of hot suffocating smoke overwhelmed us, and the powerful instinct of self preservation, withdrew us from our friend, whom, alas! we never more beheld. I seized Pamela by the hand, and dragging her after me: we ascended upon deck, which presented a scene of horror and confusion, every object involved in smoke and flames. I seized a flag-staff, and passing my arm through the noose of the rope, and twisting the other end of the cord round Pamela, cried to her to keep fast hold of me, and boldly pushed into the sea, at the stern of the vessel, and fortunately passed through the dying and the dead without being seized upon by any of the former of them, for their grasp would have been fatal: we floated over the surface of the tide which flowed to land, and I

endeavoured by every means in my power to encourage my dear Pamela, who having swallowed a great deal of water, was sinking beneath the waves. I raised her head as much as possible, and we entered shallow water, when I perceived some persons advancing to our assistance; but exhausted by the efforts which I had made to save myself and my companion, I sunk under the surface of the tide, and soon afterwards lost all recollection.

"O lord! methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes knawed upon.
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels—
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

CHAP. VI.

"Il y a quelquefois dans le cours de la vie de si chers plaisirs et de si tendres engagements que l'on nous defend, qu'il est natural de desirer du moins qu'ils fussent permis: de si grands charmes me peuvent êtres surpasses que par celui de savoir y renoncer par vertu."

On recovering my senses I found that I was lying on the sand, at no great distance from the sea side: several strangers were bending over me, apparently watching the return of animation; and I perceived that I was supported by some friendly arm, but I did not immediately recover sufficient consciousness of surrounding objects to discern by whom I was raised from the sand, till the accents of Rimini's

voice, which still lingered in my ear, in defiance of absence and of danger, roused my attention, and I imagined that it was he who pressed me to his heart, and rapturously expressed his joy at seeing me revive again; but I instantly closed my eyes, and feared to move, lest the dream should vanish: my apprehensions, however, were soon removed; Rimini entreated me to dismiss every fear; those obstacles which had hitherto separated us having disappeared, and that we were united never to part again.

Those terrors which I had so recently witnessed, the devouring flames from which I had with difficulty escaped, the terrors of the deep, over which I had floated, my fears for the life of Pamela, whom I had borne almost lifeless through the waves, were circumstances which had roused my animal spirits to violent exertion, and

had been succeeded by insensibility; and when returning life fluttered at my heart, a trembling reluctant guest, the sudden emotions of joy which Rimini's presence occasioned had nearly driven her away for ever. My heart sunk in my bosom, which became cold and stiff, and my trembling hands were scarcely sensible of the touch and pressure of Rimini's: hollow sounds rose in my ears, my eyes became dim, and were closing when the lamentations of Rimini, who hung over me with distraction in his looks, restored me to life: his grief would have recalled my soul, had the gates of Paradise appeared in view; Rimini's despair would have detained me on earth, had angels beckoned me to the skies.

As soon as Rimini perceived that I was sufficiently recovered to be removed, I was conveyed to a house at no great distance from the shore, and I

almost immediately inquired, though in a faint voice and broken sentences, respecting the fate of my dear Pamela, and with doubt and apprehension eagerly listened to his reply. He quickly relieved my fears by assurances that she also was safe, and receiving from de Verneuil those attentions which she at that moment wholly engrossed; and it was to the exertions of this generous friend, as I afterwards found, that we were indebted for our present happiness; but Rimini insisted that I should not at present seek an interview with either, but endeavour to obtain repose, of which I stood in infinite need; but all my endeavours for this purpose were vain; short uneasy slumbers presented me with images of horror; the cries of sinking mariners, the rushing of the water, the roaring of the flames flashing terror to my mind, as I alternately endeavoured to snatch Pamela and de

Verneuil's mother from the burning wreck: starting I awoke, and looking round perceived Rimini, who was anxiously watching me while I slept: finding it impossible to obtain a moment's repose, he yielded to my entreaties, and related those fortunate circumstances by which I was blessed with his presence again; which were as follows:—

"I shall begin my narrative," said Rimini, "from the time of my leaving Bologna. I proceeded to Lisbon, where I met de Verneuil, who was, like myself, under orders for foreign service: we sailed together, and landed at Malaga, passing through the province of Grenada, with little or no opposition, and reached the neighbourhood of Seville, where a considerable force lay, expecting further orders. I had several opportunities during our voyage of seeing, and acknowledging the

merits of de Verneuil, and admiring the delicacy with which he forbore to press me on the subject of my engagements with you. Though I had reason to suppose that he had learnt from your own lips that some obstacles had arisen to separate us, yet he never alluded to them in the remotest degree, or sought to hear further particulars of what he knew must give me pain to relate. Passionately attached to you, my beloved, he seemed to extend to me a portion of this regard; and my generous rival, infinitely superior to every sordid consideration, deemed the felicity of the woman he loved alone deserving his attention, independent of the means by which it was to be secured; and, the acknowledged chosen of your heart, he beheld me, without any jealous fears, as calculated to bestow it.

"One evening, before sun-set, I was

walking at some distance from the tents, giving directions about repairing some entrenchments, when I overheard two privates speaking in terms of regret and displeasure against the commanding officer, who had ordered punishment to be inflicted on a corporal in the second demi-brigade, for some petty neglect of duty, who had hitherto distinguished himself in the regiment for his orderly behaviour and obedience. I knew the man by character, and was interested in his favour, and immediately went in search of him. On reaching the place of his confinement he immediately arose, and saluting me with respect, while a manly sorrow was painted in his countenance, thus addressed me:—

"I did not imagine, *mon* Colonel, that you or any one in the emperor's service, would have seen Pieitro Rovigo in confinement for neglect of duty: I

have served seventeen years, and was always foremost to meet the foe, and last to turn my back upon him; mere inadvertency ought not, surely, to be punished with so much rigour, but I suppose the service requires it, and I submit to my lot with patience.'

"Rovigo appeared to be above forty years of age, strong and robust in his make, with light eyes, red hair, and sun-burnt complexion. On making further inquiry as to his history, he informed me that he was a native of Logarino, a town of some note in the Milanese territory, situated at the head of Lake Maggiore, and that he had formerly marched with merchandize through the different towns and villages of Switzerland, frequenting the fairs held there several times a year, and afterwards entered the French service, under General de Regnier, whose army was then in the Alps. I promised

that I would do what I could to serve him, and for that purpose went in search of the commanding officer, and after canvassing over the merits and demerits of Corporal Rovigo, in consideration of the usual regularity of his conduct, orders were issued for his liberation on the following day; and I thought no more about Corporal Rovigo till within a day or two of the late engagement. I was one morning on parade, when he approached me, and bowing most respectfully, hesitated, and appeared desirous of saying something, yet waiting for encouragement to begin. I took him a short distance from the men, and desiring him to proceed, he did so in the following manner:—

"*Je demande pardon, mon Colonel,*' said he, hesitating, 'but I have some particulars to mention, which I cannot but think you would choose to know

respecting a lady named Giovanna Hartz, whom your servant, Signor, told me last night was to have been your bride, but that she was discovered to be the daughter of the late Marquis de Rimini, your brother. Now, Signor, though it was true that an infant was left with Paul Hartz, seventeen years ago, yet to my certain knowledge, that child died a few weeks afterwards. The first time, Signor, that I saw my wife Johanna, was at a fair at Logarino, on the borders of Switzerland: she had come down from the mountains with her sister Marian, who was wife to Paul Hartz, a shepherd in St. Bernardine. Marian made no secret as to the way in which the child was left with her, and fully expected, as she told her sister, that the man who brought it would return with another purse of gold. While I courted Johanna, Signor, I used frequently to go

down with the sisters to the plains; and about seventeen years ago, the rainy season having set in to the southward, we all three went to a fair at the village of Corno. Paul Hartz was away with his sheep in the Uplands: on our way thither I found that the infant Giovanna had died the day before in teething; and Marian Hartz was displeased enough at the thoughts of losing all further benefit by it, and she shewed us a good gown she had on, and a couple of broaches, all bought with the stranger's money. We soon reached the village of Corno, and finding the fair but indifferently attended, journeyed on towards Milan, resolved to try another. The night was closing in, and the moon very bright. At the entrance of a valley which we proposed crossing, we saw a huge heap of snow lying, seemingly the end of an avalanche; we passed along by the side of

it, and our dog which followed us, ran nosing over the snow, and immediately gave notice in his usual manner of some creature lying beneath. We stopped our mules, while Johanna entreated me not to leave the poor creature, whatever it was, to perish under the snow. A man in love, Signor, will attempt any thing to please his lass; so I dismounted and got a stick, and burrowing down found the snow give way under my hands; and two men happening to pass by, we drew out of the snow a woman and an infant; we endeavoured to recover the woman, but she was quite gone; the baby, however, was alive, and soon coming to itself, began to cry; so we left the woman, poor soul! who might be its mother or not, I cannot pretend to say, and took away the infant, who was a girl, and Marian brought it up in the room of the other, and passed it off to her

husband as such; Johanna and I persuaded her to do so, and to expect more gold from the stranger, for we knew she would not befriend the child unless she thought to get money by it: and the man came soon afterwards, and looked at the child, but knew not the difference, and Paul Hartz never knew it; his wife kept the secret from him, for he is an honest soul, and would scorn to deceive any one; and this is the truth of the matter, Signor,' said Rovigo; 'I saw it with my own eyes and handled it with my own hands; and the baby had a pretty rosary of small beads round its neck, which my lass Johanna got from her sister in a present: and after her death, which happened soon afterwards, I kept it for her sake, but it is very much at your service, Signor, if you wish to have it.'

"You may easily imagine, my be-

loved," continued Rimini, "the rapture with which I listened to Rovigo's narrative, the truth of which I had no reason whatever to doubt: I eagerly possessed myself of the necklace, which may lead to the discovery of your parents, and amply rewarded Rovigo as an emissary of peace and joy; but destruction at this moment hovered over me: a few hours afterwards I was decoyed into a wood near the camp, and almost immediately surrounded by the natives; disarmed, and rifled of every thing valuable about me, dangerously wounded; and reduced to the most deplorable situation, when the active friendship of the generous de Verneuil restored me to all I hold dear in existence; but you shall hear this from his own lips: I shall only add, that reluctant to affect him with a detail of those circumstances which had removed all affliction from my

bosom, and restored my hopes relative to you, my beloved; it was only when we arrived at Largos, on our way to Lisbon, that I mentioned them, as concealment was no longer possible, and with a view of preparing his mind for our approaching felicity."

CHAP. VII.

"Quelque rare que soit le veritable amour, il l'est encore moins que la veritable amitié"

RIMINI's narrative had opened to my view an infinite field of joyous anticipation; already I beheld myself in the confines of felicity; while anxiety and suspense retiring far away, appeared on the eve of bidding me adieu for ever. I related to him the history of Mr. Monro's marriage, together with the circumstances attending the loss of his infant daughter, who was supposed to have perished in the snow; and the remarkable coincidence of circumstances, leaving me little room to doubt, but that I had

been thus miraculously preserved in the manner described by Rovigo, my imagination joyfully sprung forward to the moment in which I should throw myself at Mr. Monro's feet, and offer the love and duty of a daughter, to him who already possessed so large a portion of my regard; and it was determined that Rimini should immediately write to England a circumstantial detail of those events; and procuring a passport, afford him an opportunity of coming to France, and hearing further particulars, and viewing the necklace in Rimini's possession, acknowledge me as his daughter, and bestow my hand upon him in marriage. And my thoughts returned with inexpressible interest to every circumstance connected with Mrs. Montgomery's family, and her daughter Veronica, to whom I had every reason to suppose myself indebted for my existence.

And I experienced a thousand tender recollections, on reviewing over again my friendship with Ignatia in the convent of St. Zuric, every lineament of whose interesting countenance was pourtrayed to my recollection in unfading colours; every act of her tenderness and love was impressed in durable characters on my heart: the truest affection had united us, and the ties of nature, at that time unknown, could not have created a more durable regard. The sunshine of prosperity, or the bitter blasts of adversity, will equally glide harmless along, unable to efface from my soul one trait of tenderness, one emotion of regret — "beloved till life can charm no more, and mourned till pity's self be dead."

It was day-light before Rimini left me, and the sun which had risen considerably above the horizon, now dart-

ed its rays into my apartment, while I prepared to rise with little or no remains of indisposition. I was impatient to embrace Pamela, my companion in danger, and to hear from her own lips assurances of renovated strength, and freedom from pain. I was on the point of going out in search of her, when she entered, and throwing herself into my arms, we congratulated each other on our escape from the flames and the waves, with a thousand expressions of tender regard. Renovated health and joy sparkled in her blue eyes, and bloomed on her pretty face, as she eagerly detailed to me every the most trifling instance of de Verneuil's attention, from the time in which he withdrew her from the sea; and she appeared anxious to persuade herself that she owed her life entirely to his exertions, and she seemed never to have fully estimated the value of

existence till the present moment, receiving it as the gift of de Verneuil: she lamented his mother's death; "And," continued she, "how noble and generous in Henry, to interest himself so much in my favour, at a time when he was so deeply afflicted at her loss! but where will you find his equal? 'nature having formed him, destroyed the mould.'" "You are eloquent in his eulogium, my dear Pamela, which I perceive proceeds from your heart, but beware, it is but a treacherous guide, and seldom represents things to our view as they really are." "Ah! Giovanna," replied she, "you would insinuate that de Verneuil's assiduities exist but in my own imagination, and possibly," continued she, sighing, "that may be the case, but at all events, I resemble you so much, that he cannot feel otherwise than joyous when I appear, and that is a delightful idea, for

which I am content to be indebted to yourself, my dear Giovanna; but come," said she rising, "let us see what is become of them; it must be late; the garden is a wilderness of shade,—*allons donc.*" So saying, we descended into the garden, and traversed several of the walks without finding our friends, my mind busy all the time as to the best possible means of rendering that affection mutual, which she evidently cherished for Henry de Verneuil.

Pamela's mind was like her person, in its first bloom, unfaded by disappointment, and alive to every sensation of pleasure, active and joyous as the young roe upon the mountain, and equally fearless and indifferent as to the precipices beneath. Her understanding had never been warped by prejudice, or clouded by melancholy; her relations and companions had uniformly been prosperous, cheerful, and

indulgent; and the female mind, which usually takes its colour from surrounding objects, and is seldom *distraited* by the pressure of business, or the incitements of pleasure, retains the impressions it receives with fatal pertinacity; and is painfully alive to the inroads of the passions; peculiarly those of a depressing nature, if circumstances occur to make them so. But Pamela, born in affluence, idolized by her parents, had never beheld a frown, and knew nothing of unkindness but the name; her temper naturally good, had remained smooth and unruffled; perfectly beautiful in person, as in mind; in Pamela de St. Hilaire I ardently wished to behold the wife of de Verneuil; and the greatest eulogium I can bestow upon her, is to say, that on the whole she was worthy of him.

It required the unremitting efforts of

the liveliest friendship to reconcile de Verneuil to the loss of his mother, who had perished on board the Ajax; or to revive agreeable sensations in his bosom: for some days he incessantly bewailed his misfortunes, and accused his destiny in not having given him any presentiment of her danger.

"With what ardour," said he, "should I have flown to her succour, and if all my endeavours to save her had approved ineffectual, I would have perished with her, supporting and consoling by my presence this excellent parent in her last moments, and sharing her fate, should have escaped the greater woe of bewailing her loss: and alas!" continued he, turning from us with inexpressible emotion, "joyful to me would have been the sacrifice of my own life, which has no charms since hope is extinguished, and

felicity has withdrawn itself for ever from my view.

"Pamela, who was standing near me, suddenly grew pale; her lips trembled, and she appeared to breathe with difficulty, and vainly endeavoured to repress the tears, which I saw ready to start from her eyes. Alarmed, and apprehensive, lest de Verneuil should witness this emotion, for noble and generous as he was, I dreaded to give him this advantage over her, I instantly advanced between them, and whispered to her some trifling inquiry; while Rimini instantly, and in a manner peculiar to himself, turned the conversation, and rivetted our attention by recurring to de Verneuil's late generous interference on his behalf. We immediately formed a circle round him, who acceding to our urgent resquest, began the following narrative:—

"Incredible were the efforts which I made to discover the retreat of Rimini, who had been observed to enter a wood near the camp, in the neighbourhood of Seville, the evening after the engagement, followed by some of the natives, and had not since been heard of: great were my fears that he had fallen a victim to treachery; and these were considerably encreased when the two following days passed without bringing in his return. I had already traversed most part of the wood ineffectually, and determined to renew my search; but this design was for the present frustrated: the rain fell in torrents, and the lowering clouds and driving fog obscured each object, and rendered the path of the forest impassable, and the windings of it undiscernable. at length the clouds dispersed, the azure sky again appeared, and I beheld the leaves of the forest quiver in the

sun-beams, and the rain-drops glittered on the blades of grass. I again entered the wood a week after Rimini's disappearance, followed by a servant well armed, and like myself in plain clothes. I pursued the windings of the path, and pressed through the tangled brake wood, making the forest re-echo with Rimini's name; and paused frequently to listen, but no signal of intelligence met my ear: my own voice returned in sullen murmurs through the gloom. I crossed the swolm rivulet, and clambered over the fallen cork tree, sometimes starting the wary fox returning to cover, and discovering the whelp of the wolf lying in the clefts of the rock, amidst fragments of meat and bones; and continued my search in defiance of every obstacle, the ardour of hope and expectation rendering me insensible to fatigue, and heedless of the distance which I had strayed,

till I saw the western sky tinged with saffron, and the shades of evening beginning to close the vistas of the forest, and envellop the objects around. I paused, and stood for a few minutes leaning against a tree, my recollection bewildered as to the road which I had to choose for the purpose of returning home: I observed a beaten track before me, which seemed to lead to the furthest extremity of the forest. this, however, I determined to follow, under the idea that it might possibly lead to some habitation, where I could either find repose or procure a guide to reconduct me to the camp: I heeded not that I was in an enemy's country. I could speak the Spanish language fluently, and my plain clothes might be supposed to facilitate my disguise. Suddenly a long eared liver coloured pointer appeared running by my side, and fawning on me ran forwards; I

followed it, and after ten minutes walk, found myself emerging from the forest; and on a plain a little to the right a scene of desolation was disclosed to my view. I beheld a ruined village: the roofs of the houses had fallen in, the walls bearing the mark of the flames, which had consumed every combustible matter within, and the remains of domestic furniture and clothes belonging to the wretched inhabitants, who had fled from the scene of woe, lay scattered here and there. I observed a stone building with balconies, which appeared to have suffered damage on one side only; it was surrounded by a wall, in some places laid level with the ground; and the pointer, which ran on before us, darting through one of the apertures, disappeared in the ruins. I therefore concluded it to be inhabited, and as the night was closing in, determined

to apply for admittance also, and endeavoured to ring a bell, which I perceived at the door of the house; but the rusty clapper refused its assistance, and I knocked at the door with the hilt of my sword: it was opened by a female, who inquired in the Spanish language what brought me thither. I replied, that I was a stranger who had lost his way in the forest, and should gratefully receive any hospitality which she might be pleased to bestow. It would be difficult to forget the appearance of the woman who spoke to me: she held a lamp in one hand, and the door half unclosed in the other, and as the breeze swept by and ruffled the flame, the light fell upon her countenance, and discovered to me one of those faces which eternally bids you beware of treachery: her scowling inquiring eye was half concealed under her shaggy grey locks; her mouth was

large, and when she spoke disclosed staring yellow teeth: her dress was coarse and disordered; it consisted of a rusty cloth jacket loosely put on; her bony elbows and muscular arm perfectly uncovered, and her short black petticoat discovered her thick ankles and broad feet, bent inwards. So little did I like the appearance of this beldam, on a nearer survey, that I was tempted to turn my steps away from her door with much greater rapidity than I advanced there, and rather run the risk of encountering the bears and wolves of the forest, than venture under her roof, should she be disposed to admit me; however, being well armed and extremely fatigued, in consequence of my researches after Rimini, I followed her into an apartment on the ground floor, at the upper end of which I perceived a man lying on a mattrass, apparently wounded or

dying; his head was bound up, and one of his arms in a sling, and the other lying useless by his side; his throat seemed already stiff, and his whole appearance indicated approaching dissolution. On inquiring by what accident he had been reduced to this situation, she answered me gruffly, that her husband Pascaro had been wounded in the wood as he was following his trade, and muttered some inarticulate sentences of vengeance against the cavalier who had done it. I ventured to inquire what trade her husband followed; she raised her head from the embers on the hearth, which she was endeavouring to re-kindle, and scowling at me with a bitter laugh: "Why the same trade you follow, for any thing I know to the contrary; we endeavour to get a living some way or other, and if one method fails why we try another; the holy Virgin never

meant her followers to starve: we belong to the mother church, and a curse upon infidels and strangers, I say." While she spoke thus, she continued to heap dried sticks on the rising blaze, which disclosed to my view the dirty shaggy walls of the apartment, and coarse implements of kitchen fare scattered in disorder around: but imagine to yourselves, my friends," continued de Verneuil, "my emotions at recognizing Rimini's belt and sword, which were perfectly familiar to me, hanging up against the wall, partly concealed under the remains of an old capota. I turned away to conceal my feelings, which I was fully aware of the necessity of disguising, and feigning a wish of assisting the old woman, went to the furthest extremity of the apartment, for more sticks to heap on the fire. I approached my servant, who was seated near the door, and

made him signs to be on his guard, and continued walking to and fro in the apartment in great agitation, till the old woman placed the supper, which she was preparing, on the table: she arranged there several plates, goblets, and flaskets of wine, by which I found that other guests were expected, and desiring me to take my place, began to distribute some fried fish and boiled meat on the plates, expressing her wonder that Boderigo, Benevento, and others were not yet arrived—'And that girl Placensia,' exclaimed she, 'the Virgin forgive me, for having given birth to such a weak puling creature; she does little else but wait upon that rogue, who had like to have killed her father, and whose sword I have hung up there as an offering to St. Lawrence; but I'll make an end of her attendance before I have said another ave-maria: but

how goes it with you, Pascaro?' turning to her husband: 'come, man, try and eat some supper, it will do you good.' I had helped myself to some fish," continued de Verneuil, "and was beginning to eat heartily in spite of alarm on my own account and apprehensions on your's, Rimini, when I heard light footsteps advancing towards the apartment, and the door gently opening, one of the most captivating figures I ever beheld entered with a light in her hand. Placensia Pascaro was about fifteen, her long hair, divided over her polished forehead, was bound in braids and fastened up behind; penciled eyebrows and long black eye lashes shaded her eyes, rendering the colour of them scarcely discernible; but when she fixed them with sweet earnestness on your's, they discovered all the fire united with languishing softness, peculiar to the

Spanish female, and so irresistibly fascinating. The lower part of her face was deficient in regularity, but this circumstance, instead of diminishing her charms, encreased the interest excited by the inexpressible grace and beauty of every look and motion: she was about the middle height, her dress light and elegant: a coloured jacket and short petticoat, edged with a glittering trimming, clung close to her form, and displayed the symmetry of her person; several shining ornaments were fastened round her neck and shoulders, and the eye was agreeably detained by the beauty of her feet and ankles; her sandals were laced with silver. She approached the wounded man, and bending over him, appeared to view with tender interest and concern the wounds which he had received; while the appearance of so much beauty and grace in this abode of vice

and danger was strongly impressive. It was the wild rose blooming in a sepulchre, the bright beams of the morning star trembling on the surface of the putrid lake. The old beldam scowling at her, cried:—'It ill becomes you, Placensia, to take so much heed of him who brought your father to this pass; is the fellow alive yet, I say? I'll make an end of him, I promise you.' Placensia's eyes, glistening with emotion, were turned with supplicating tenderness on her mother as she spoke, when perceiving me, who sat in the shade, she bowed, and silently placed herself at table. I would have given the earth had I possessed it for one moment of conversation with Placensia, respecting the object of her care: but the vigilance of the old wretch defeated my endeavours for this purpose: her eyes were incessantly turned towards her daughter, and she eyed me

with a jealous fear. While the supper lasted I endeavoured to make Placensia sensible by every possible tacit indication of the interest which I took in the stranger; and at last succeeded in attracting her attention: but for some time no opportunity offered of speaking to her on the subject, till the old woman was busily engaged in setting by the remainder of the supper: when approaching Placensia, I whispered in her ear the following stanza from a Spanish ballad in vogue: 'Angels guard thee, lovely lady, my friend, alas! is doomed to die.' She fixed her expressive eyes on mine; they darted intelligence, and melted with softness, she lightly pressed her finger on her lips, and drawing her rosary from her arm, gently drew three beads apart from the rest, and glancing her eye at an old time-piece, which stood in a corner of

the apartment, gave me to understand that at that hour I should hear farther repecting my friend. The old beldam almost immediately offered to conduct me to the place where I was to sleep, and I followed her, casting a significant look at Placensia, who returned it. I was ushered into an apartment, at the upper end of which lay some tresses of straw, covered with a blanket, and opening into another room provided in the same manner, where I stationed my servant; and after closing the door of communication, and extinguishing the light, I sat down on the bed, impatiently waiting for the signal which I expected from Placensia: it was one o'clock; I opened the casement and discerned the twinkling of the stars, and the trees of the adjacent forest moving beneath them, and distinguished the clattering of footsteps, and the sound of voices, rising in wild uproar from a distant

part of the building, and I soon heard the trampling of horses retiring through the wood; and saw the shadows of night passing away, and the morning star beginning to look pale and tremble at the approach of day. I listened with all the eagerness of expectation in hopes of hearing the light footsteps of Placensia, and every moment appeared an age, till she should appear, and convey me to my friend: at last the door was gently unclosed, and Placensia, half entering in, beckoned me away. The beams of the sun, rising at that instant above the horizon, gleaming through the open casement, glowed upon her lovely countenance, and threw a radiance over her form; I thought I beheld an inhabitant of the skies sent on an errand of benevolence and love. She led me to an apartment at some distance, the door of which she opened; but the faint light which was admitted

through a small grated window high up in the wall, was insufficient to enable me to distinguish the features of the person, who rose at my entrance; and my fears lest it should not be Rimini whom I saw, detained my footsteps for an instant at the entrance; but Rimini's voice dispelled my doubts: we fell into each others arms, and embraced with emotions of which those only can understand who have been in similar situations, and whose hearts are alive to all the fine feelings of friendship, and behold themselves on the eve of rescuing those they love from the tomb. We were fully sensible that no time was to be wasted in inquiries: all I requested to know was whether Rimini was sufficiently recovered from the wounds he had received as to be able to walk.

"Though my life has been preserved," replied he, 'thanks to the care of that

generous girl, yet I am afraid I shall not be able to move from the place we are in without assistance.' This was a dreadful circumstance, and almost depressed my hopes, and we were in earnest debate as to the best mode of proceeding, when I observed the beautiful Placensia listening in breathless agitation to the opening of a door, and to the approach of footsteps along the passage.

"Santa Maria defend us!' exclaimed she: 'we are undone if it is my mother.' At that instant the beldam entered armed with a log of wood, which she appeared that moment to have snatched from the fire, as one end was black and burnt: she poured forth the most bitter imprecations against her daughter, who had taken refuge near Rimini, for forsaking her own flesh and blood, and consorting with devils; and the wretched old woman aiming a fu-

rious blow at Rimini's head, the log slipped from her hands, and passed harmless over his head; but it struck the wall with a violence which brought away a piece of the stone, and recoiling, alas! against the lovely Placensia, struck her on the temple, and she fell wounded and bleeding in our arms; the mother seeing her daughter fall, ran out of the room furiously, calling her myrmidons to her assistance, while Placensia, who only survived a few moments, conjured us in dying accents to fly her mother's vengeance: not a moment was to be lost; we threw a mantle over the breathless remains of the hapless Placensia, and aided by the supernatural strength which despair sometimes affords, I supported Rimini out of the apartment, and assisted by my servant, whose attention had been roused by the screams of the old woman, we conveyed him into the wood, which

we had no sooner reached than the sound of voices, and the bitter imprecation of a female tongue met our ears: we paused, and lying down among the brush-wood, waited till they should have passed, which they soon did onwards towards the house, and we redoubled our efforts to plunge into the deepest recesses of the wood; but all our attempts to escape must have been fruitless; already they appeared through the dividing trees, and their clamours swelled louder and louder each moment, and the whole pack burst upon us at once; but at that instant a party of our own men who had come in search of me appeared in the distance, and I hailed them with shouts of alacrity, which echoed through the wood, and brought them instantly to the spot where we stood: turning round, I discovered the savage old woman above me in the cleft of a rock, in the act of whirling

down a huge stone; I avoided it, but an instant later it would have laid me breathless beneath its weight: our men soon put the troop to flight, but she continued scrambling from rock to rock, roaring out imprecations, till the winding of the forest concealed her from our view. We reached the encampment, and it was long before we could converse on any subject but those late occurrences which had deprived the lovely Placensia of existence, and nearly terminated that of my friend."

"Alas!" said Rimini sighing, when de Verneuil had concluded his narrative, "I lament to recollect that the life of the hapless girl was the price of my ransom. "Oh! she did teach the torches to burn bright, she seemed to hang upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!"

CHAP. VIII.

"Oh, love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign:
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain."

After a residence of ten days near Salvo, on the western coast of Spain, we embarked for the South of France, with the intention of remaining there till my father's arrival; and ten days after our departure from Malaga, the flat shores of Provence appeared in view, and we disembarked at Toulon at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, and proceeded to Belle Isle, where the family mansion of de Verneuil was seated on a peninsula formed by the windings of the river Aix, four miles to the west of Toulon.

The house was of ancient structure, and at the Revolution the fury of the populace had demolished the left wing of the building, and was proceeding to raze it to the ground, but the timely exertion of the late M. de Verneuil's adherents, together with the circumstances of his having joined the republican party, turned the tide of the popular fury; the damages which it had sustained had been repaired, and the furniture remained precisely the same as when it was placed there by de Verneuil's father on his marriage; and Madame de Verneuil, who had ever retained the tenderest affection for the memory of her husband, would on no account suffer the tapestry to be changed, or a single piece of furniture to be removed from the apartments where the moments of her existence had fled on downy pinions, and when each object recalled to her recollection some

exchange of endearment, some moments of her husband's attentive kindness, in those ornaments which adorned her apartments; and the books in her library were selected by him, and placed there with his own hand, but the dust rested on the edges of the leaves, which had remained closed since his death; the apartment was deserted, and Madame de Verneuil was seldom seen to enter it. The house was partly concealed by the wood, which also skirted the side of the river, and fruit trees of every berry, and vegetables of various kinds, were mixed promiscuously around: the scarlet strawberry crept among the green leaves of the lily of the valley, and the peas and beans grew at the foot of the olive and the mulberry tree; the horse chesnut, spreading its blooming branches over the stream, viewed itself in the liquid glass; the lively trout, whose silver scales glittered

in the sun-beams, sprung up to catch the fly as it skimmed along the surface, and the river in several places formed small still lakes, unruffled except by the fall of the rose leaves which the hand of taste had planted on its edge.

Soon after our arrival at Belle Isle, we were accosted by a housekeeper who had resided in the family for many years: she viewed de Verneuil with loquacious delight, and presented to him those keys which opened the chests were the family plate and linen had been deposited, and pointed out to his observation those in particular which contained his mother's jewels and wearing apparel: de Verneuil surveyed the latter with painful emotion, and as soon as the housekeeper had left the room, he turned to me, his expressive eyes betraying his feelings:— "You knew and esteemed my mother," continued he; "will you, Giovanna, relieve

me first the painful office of examining the ornaments which she was accustomed to wear; and after selecting any from among them, which you, or Pamela, may wish to keep as a remembrance, distribute the remainder among her attendants. When I am no more," continued he, "all memorial of this family will speedily disappear; the estate goes to a very distant connexion, whom I have never seen, and whom I have no reason whatever to esteem.

"I therefore surely dispose of these ornaments more equitably in giving them to my mother's domestics, whose services she received, and whose fidelity she had every reason to commend, than leave them to increase the wealth of a person who never in any way whatever contributed to her satisfaction.' 'I shall certainly comply with your wishes in this respect,' replied I;

'but heaven forbid, my dear friend, that you should remain unblest by the society of a virtuous and beautiful woman, on whom your choice would confer the extreme of happiness, and connected with whom far different prospects than those which you have mentioned would open to your view. Oh! that you would permit me the joy of beholding your felicity, otherwise mine must always remain incomplete,' and Pamela's name escaped my lips. I remained for some moments silent and confused, anxiously waiting his reply, yet afraid of hearing it, lest it should destroy my hopes. De Verneuil continued leaning against the balcony at which we stood, his eyes fixed on the landscape before us, while his mind appeared preoccupied and lost in a reverie. I ventured to renew the conversation, and expatiated on Pamela's merits, reverting at the

same time to the entire similarity which existed between us. De Verneuil turning suddenly, and gazing at me with earnestness, replied, 'While I render every possible justice to the merits of Pamela, and acknowledge the resemblance between you, at the same time I totally disown the possibility that she should for one moment supply your place in my affections, or efface for an instant the remembrance of your attractions; alas! Giovanna, they will for ever engage my thoughts, and render me eternally insensible to those of others: for my own repose, I am too attentive an observer of your expressive countenance, which discloses so distinctly to view every emotion of your angelic mind: you can listen without fear or inquietude to the eulogiums of another, and with candour admit the all powerful attractions of beauty and of innocence:

I have beheld the soft smile of approving tenderness play round your rosy lips, while Rimini has done justice to the merits of the hapless Placensia, and acknowledged with gratitude the efficacy of her attentive care. I have marked your eyes glisten with compassion, while he has dwelt with mournful recollection on her generosity, and lamented her untimely fate. The bitter smile of detraction and envy, the severe scrutinizing gaze of jealousy and suspicion, never profaned your lovely countenance; neither have these sentiments for one moment sullied the purity of your spotless bosom; never, my Giovanna, shall another usurp your place in my affections, or engage that heart which is devoted to you alone. When I have beheld you united to Rimini; when I have shed tears of joy in contemplating your felicity as the work of my own hands, I will fly your

presence for ever, consoled with this recollection, that I have been the means of restoring to you the man you love."

De Verneuil left me abruptly as he uttered this last sentence, and too much afflicted at the sentiments which he had disclosed, so unfavourable to my hopes in regard to Pamela, and so inimical to his own repose; unable to dissemble my inquietude, instead of seeking the society of my friends, I descended into the wood, and strayed along the dewy windings of the river Aix; I lamented the persevering tenderness of de Verneuil, and mourned his lost repose: those sensations of joy excited by my approaching union with Rimini were no longer unalloyed, and though his attachment formed the charm of my existence, the animating source of every pleasure, yet when I represented to myself the an-

guish which it must necessarily excite in de Verneuil's bosom, tears of regret bedewed my eyes, and I continued walking, for some time lost in my own painful reflections, till I was awakened by the voice of Rimini, who soon afterwards approached, and smiling, put a letter into my hand, his own sensations of satisfaction rendering him unmindful of those traces of grief on my countenance, which even his presence could not immediately banish from my heart. "It is from England," continued he; "your father is now on his voyage, and will no doubt be here in a few days, possibly the next instant may bring him, and banishing all further uncertainty and delay, make me completely happy."

I did not choose to communicate to Rimini the sensations which this intelligence excited; they were of a mixed nature, and it was the first time

I felt a moments anxiety enter my mind which his presence could not immediately dispel. I opened Mr. Monro's letter, dated March the 20th. containing the following paragraph, respecting his intended departure from England, and probable arrival in France: "I "conjecture that this will be about "the middle of June, in the event of "a fortunate passage, and I shall re-"serve all discussions respecting you "and myself till we meet, merely "remarking that the late discovery of "our affinity is of small moment; "you are already my daughter by adop-"tion; and I have accordingly menti-"oned you in my will, which I had "drawn up immediately after my return "to England from Portugal: and at "the very moment in which your letter "reached me, I was busy in forming a "plan for revisiting the continent, "and had already taken measures for

"obtaining a passport under a plea "of negotiating some transaction or "other, relative to the exchange of "prisoners. I am impatient to shake "hands with Signor Rimini; and "shall be truly rejoiced to give you "a legal claim to his protection, and "may you both enjoy all that "happiness which the marriage state "is capable of affording. Tell Pa-"mela, that her old, or rather young "admirer, Mr. Selby, accompanies "me to France; and that her sister "and Frederic Willoughby are the "happiest couple in England; they "suit each other admirably, &c."

My father's letter was that of a man who, having experienced the vicissitudes of life in the fullest extent, was no longer alive to any violent emotion, either of hope or of disappointment, pleasure or of pain. He had too often beheld the fairest prospects of hap-

piness sink into insignificance, to retain any vehement anxiety respecting the events of life. He had often described to me the inhabitants of his native country, by custom rendered insensible to the extreme vicissitudes of their climate; and thus it is with the mind of man; as we advance in life, we become habituated to the changes of fortune: the human intellect gradually loses its sensitive powers, and indulgent nature accelerates for her children that repose which must one day be their portion in the tomb. On entering the house, I took a light from one of the attendants, and traversed every apartment in search of Pamela, who was no where to be found; at last I heard the sound of her voice in the library, seldom frequented, and opening the door, discovered her busily employed in assisting de Verneuil to sort some of his

mother's letters, which were lying on the table. I requested her to follow me, and when we were alone, acquainted her with my father's approaching arrival; and endeavoured gradually to prepare her for the subsequent departure of de Verneuil. She listened to me in silence, while dejection was visibly written on her face; it was in vain, however, that she endeavoured to suppress her sighs, and some tears which fell from her eyes: after a few moments effectual struggles, she succeeded, however, in assuming an appearance of composure, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to smile, "Well," said she, "let him go, he will not regret the loss of my society, and why should I think about him? No doubt I shall find other men equally agreeable, more desirous of pleasing, and less insensible to those attentions due to our sex. Ah!" exclaimed she,

suddenly retracting what she had said, "how can I say so? and whom can I view with distinction when he is gone? How can I ungratefully accuse him of insensibility? How can I upbraid him with neglect? Did not de Verneuil withdraw me from the waves? Did not his care and assiduity recall me to life? But if I had died then," said she weeping, "it would have been well for me; I should have died as I had lived, unconscious of a painful sensation, the woes of an unreturned affection unknown. Why did he deceive me into a belief that I was beloved? Why did he at one time lavish upon me the attentions of a lover? I am an artless girl," continued she, "unacquainted with the method of disguising my sentiments, unable to speak any language but that of the heart. How could he remain ignorant of my affection? He ought to have avoided every opportu-

nity of encreasing it by his presence, and to have left Belle Isle, when he found himself incapable of making any return. But de Verneuil, generous and noble as he is, is like others, and consults his own wishes: unwilling to leave your society, dear Giovanna, he thought not about my affection."

CHAP. IX.

"Troppo son certe
Le pruove, e segni: eccoti il foglio, in cui
Di quanto ti narrai la serie è accolta."

A FEW evenings before my father's arrival in Provence, I was reading aloud to Pamela while she sat working, when I was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who came to tell us that supper was ready: accordingly, we found the table spread in the saloon, and the attendants in waiting, but Rimini and de Verneuil were still seated at a small table in one corner of the room; the former looking over the shoulder of the latter, and both eagerly engaged in the perusal of a paper that

de Verneuil held to the light, which was placed between them. In a few moments they arose, seated themselves at table, and while the servants remained in the room appeared preoccupied, but after they were withdrawn I began to rally Rimini on his absence of mind and unusual taciturnity. He smiled, and looking at de Verneuil:—"I know not why we should conceal the contents of that letter, which occupied our attention when Giovanna and Pamela entered the apartment, and withdrew our thoughts for a few moments from them;" and turning to me, "Read it, then, my dear Giovanna," said he, presenting me a sheet of paper written closely on three sides; in a very small hand: "you will find more reason than ever to acknowledge the merits, and respect the memory of Madame de St. Hilaire."—"Of my mother!" exclaimed Pamela:

"What circumstance can increase Giovanna's affectionate remembrance of her? Not a day passes in which we do not recall to our recollection some instance of her tenderness; not an evening closes in which we do not remember her in our prayers." Pamela's eyes were quickly bedewed with tears; the brilliant moisture sparkled at the edge of her long dark eye-lashes, and Rimini beheld her for a few moments with silent but affectionate interest: extending his hand towards me, he then addressed her thus:—"In your friend and companion behold your sister! my dear Pamela. Deceived by the artifices of her mother into a belief of Mr. Monro's death, Veronica Montgomery afterwards accepted the hand of your father, always remaining ignorant of the existence of her former husband and of her daughter." While Rimini spoke, I gazed at him and

at Pamela alternately, who instantly folded me in her arms, exclaiming: "Ah! I remember to have frequently heard that my mother had formerly been married, but she never appeared desirous of speaking about the events of her early life; and we respected her repose too much ever to question her on any subject which she did not seem willing to talk about; but let me I entreat you," continued she, "read my dear mother's letter;" and we both extended our hands at the same moment towards Rimini. Pamela received it first, but offered it to me, and I read with considerable interest and emotion to the following effect; it was addressed to Madame de Verneuil, in Provence, and dated Paris, December, 1802.

"MYE AR FRIEND,

"That silence which alarmed you so much, was occasioned by the death

of my mother, which took place in Switzerland after an illness of a few days. I immediately left Paris to attend her, but arrived too late to receive her blessing, too late to assure her of my entire satisfaction in the lot which she had imposed upon me. De St. Hilaire inherits her property in the West Indies, which devolves to my three girls at his death. The growing beauty and daily improvement of these darling creatures, their smiles and innocent caresses draw tears from my eyes, and the consolatory emotions of maternal love have in a great measure effaced from my bosom those traces of sorrow, which I thought must have remained eternal inmates there. The rejoicings, in consequence of peace having been proclaimed with England, fills Paris with tumult and confusion.

"De St. Hilaire set off for London last

week, but I rather chose to remain in a country to which I am become in a manner naturalized, than by returning to my native country though for a short time, run the risk of reviving painful impressions; and I am not so thoroughly cured as to dismiss all fear of a relapse; but as I am now in a manner treading over again beaten ground, why should I not comply with your wishes, so often expressed, and inform you of those events which transplanted me from my native soil, into one which was long uncongenial to my soul: but I shall do this only in a slight manner, for the same reasons that I would avoid revisiting England. You are aware that my family name is Montgomery; and ah! allow me to pass rapidly over the tragical fate of my father, who fell in a duel by the hand of his friend, whose son, Arthur Monro, was betrothed to me from his cradle, and who loved

me with all the exclusive attachment of youth. My mother remained inexorable to my prayers and entreaties, nor could she ever persuade me to see him whose father had slain her husband; but Arthur found means to see me, and our hands were joined in marriage by the minister of the parish, a few days before I left Scotland. Soon after our arrival at Lausanne in Switzerland, the effects of my marriage became apparent to my mother; and now that I recollect she is no more, that I can no longer cheer her with my cheerfulness, soothe her sorrows by my attentive obedience and love: I am afflicted at the remembrance of the anguish with which she beheld me connected with a family which she had renounced for ever: she alternately employed promises and threats to break my faith to my husband, and vowed she would have recourse to the judicial power of

the Scotch law to break my marriage. I repeatedly assured her that death alone should separate me from Arthur, and vain alike would prove any judicial interference or parental authority. The time passed on in fruitless altercation on my mother's part, and on my side inquietude about my husband's movements, whom I expected in Switzerland in the course of a few weeks, having written to hasten his arrival, all concealment being necessarily at an end; and weeks passed away, and brought on the time of my confinement, without hearing the least intelligence about Arthur; and now that I can no longer behold my mother, I regret to think with what vehemence of desire I wished to leave her, how burthensome her presence was to me, for she scarcely left me day or night. After an illness of four days, in which I sullenly received the attentions of

my mother, I gave birth to a female infant, which I had never the joy of beholding, for it died soon after its birth. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to be removed, I willingly consented to follow my mother to Lausanne; and, alas! it was then that I heard the cruel tidings of my husband's death, first in the public papers, then by a private hand. I shall not, indeed, attempt to describe my anguish on this cruel occasion: I passed several days and nights without one moment's repose, and my senses nearly forsook me: my mother's presence became insupportable to me; it increased the irritability of my mind to a dreadful degree, and at this period in which I am writing, when I have to lament an eternal separation from her, it affects me to add, that in a few months afterwards I accepted the hand of de St. Hilaire, merely with a view of being

released from my mother's presence, who had caused me so much woe. Immediately after our marriage we left Lausanne, and retired to Albinga in Provence.

"My three children are at play around me while I write, and having inquired to whom, Angelica desires to know if Henry has dug up the plot of ground he intended for her garden, and desires that he will edge it with scarlet and white daises, and make a walk through it, and a well in the middle; and tell him, says she, that if the cats fall in I shall not help them out again. Victoire has this instant brought me her new book of Fairy Tales, and desires me to cut out Beauty and the Beast, her favourite story, and to send it to you. And now, my dear friend, I think you will acknowledge after having read this letter, that any enjoyments which I at present possess, have been purchased at the expense of

much suffering; however, I have every reason on the whole to rest contented with my present lot: my husband's attentions, though not of a nature to please a woman passionately attached to him, are quite sufficient for me: he is seldom deficient in proper respect; and though there is little or no tenderness or assiduity on either side, yet by a proper attention to the restraints of good breeding, which imperiously forbid us to wound the feelings of our neighbours, either by injurious language or actions, we go on extremely well. Monsieur de St. Hilaire returns to Paris in six weeks; as soon as that is the case I shall impatiently return to Albinga, and embrace my friends at Belle Isle.

"Your's affectionately,

"VERONICA DE ST. HILAIRE.

The interest which the perusal of this letter excited, and the conversation which it gave rise to, detained us in

the saloon after supper to a late hour. Rimini was of opinion that it would be quite superfluous to awaken in the mind of my father by the communication of this letter those sensations which at present lay dormant, and rather leave this circumstance to be disclosed or not in future as it might happen. But for several following days it exclusively engaged my attention; and whether we traversed the apartment, sauntered along the edge of the river, or reposed under the shade of the trees, Madame de St. Hilaire's narrative was still the subject of my reveries, and the topic on which I eternally wished to converse. I importuned de Verneuil for every the most trifling circumstance respecting her; and accordingly he pointed out to me the shrubs and flowers, which she had planted, and the verdant banks on which she was wont to seek repose.

I usually rose with the sun; and offered my devotions in the room which she had appropriated for this purpose, and afterwards visited her favourite flowers, and gathered the blossoms: fleeting, alas! and transient as these, was the beauty and life of her who planted them. And when I recollected how long I was made happy by her benevolence and protection; and long enjoyed her society, unknowing the tie which existed between us, I was ready to accuse nature of apathy and insensibility.

O destino cortese io ti perdono
Quanti mai fur tutti i miei guai:
Sól forse non ti so perdonar, ch'or io non posso.
Stringerla a mia piacer mirarla, udirla!

CHAP. X.

"O look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me."

I HAD retired to rest earlier than usual, and nearly extinguished the light, when I heard hasty footsteps advancing to the door of my apartment, and a servant presently informed me that Mr. Monro was that moment arrived; after hastily throwing off my night-cap, drawing a few loose curls about my face, and wrapping a mantle across my bosom, I snatched a light which stood on the table, and quitting my apartment, and crossing the antichamber, I discovered my father advancing to meet me. I imme-

diately flew towards him, fell at his feet, and in accents rendered almost unintelligible by my emotion besought him to receive the duty and love of a daughter, and to bestow his benediction on me. He raised me from the ground, and pressing me to his paternal bosom exclaimed:...." May the blessings of heaven rest upon you, my child, and though the hand of death so early deprived you of your mother's protection, may it long respect those ties which unite us, more hastily withdraw your father and your friend: and now, my dear girl, retire to your repose, which my arrival has disturbed, and we can talk over whatever you have to say in the morning: remember I am not going away to-morrow, therefore dismiss from your thoughts the occurrences of the day, and endeavour to sleep soundly; and so God bless you, and good night." So

saying, my father conducted me to my apartment, and after having embraced me retired.

In lieu of obeying this injunction, and of dismissing from my thoughts the occurrences of the day, I harassed my imagination in forming a thousand visionary schemes of happiness which it was not given futurity to bestow. I imagined myself united to Rimini, and enjoying the society and happiness of surrounding friends; I was to see de Verneuil fascinated by the attractions of another woman, endowed with superior virtue, graced with brighter charms, and encreasing our felicity by the promise of his own. I beheld my father dwelling among us like the Patriarch of old, encouraging us in the pursuit of virtue, and consoling us under any of those transient distresses which I was compelled to allow might even still assail us. The dark-

ness and silence of the night powerfully assisted the perturbed state of my mind, inasmuch as every object which might have diverted my attention and interrupted my cogitations, was withdrawn: at length, literally harassed into a state of quietude, I fell asleep, and dreamt as follows:—

Methought that every perturbation was hushed in my bosom; a delicious calmness reigned in my soul: united to Rimini, I beheld him at my side, and we were surrounded by a circle of smiling and approving friends; but the recollection of de Verneuil immediately returned, and I searched for him in vain; suddenly I was stunned by the noise of military preparation and all the dreadful attendants upon war: the glitter of bayonets dazzled my eyes, and drops of blood dripped from the waving standards; the murmur of the men, the roar of the artillery, resembled

the roaring of the ocean in a storm. I was endeavouring to retreat when I beheld de Verneuil at some distance standing on a rising ground, and attempted to reach him, but he vanished instantly at my approach; and again rising to view in the distance, I again endeavoured to overtake him, but he melted into air at my touch, and 'disappeared muttering empty sounds.'

My friends had been some time assembled the morning after my father's arrival, before I made my appearance. I was in a moment surrounded, and received their congratulations with emotions of tenderness; and Rimini's eyes spoke the language of love, while my father in a friendly manner warmly expressed his approbation of our mutual affection, spoke openly of our approaching marriage; but sensations of grief mingling with the joy of that moment, arose, when I beheld de Ver-

neuil advance and endeavour to unite with others in expressions of satisfaction, and vows for my future felicity: the unfinished sentence died upon his lips, and his varying colour spoke the emotion of his soul, while he turned from us and attempted to enter into conversation with Charles Selby (my father's friend, who had accompanied him to France); and the expression of Rimini's speaking eyes changed to melancholy as they fell upon the countenance of his friend de Verneuil, who, turning from Charles Selby, continued leaning against the balcony, mechanically turning over the leaves of a pamphlet, while his mind appeared absorbed in gloomy reflections: I approached him, and we discoursed on indifferent subjects; but he listened to my observations with an air of inquietude and pre-occupation, and in a few moments quitted the room. My fa-

ther's attention was no less completely engaged in listening to Rimini's repetition of Rovigo's narrative, and recognizing separately and distinctly, every individual shining stone of which the necklace was composed, which he collected, and put together for the beautiful and affectionate Veronica on the eve of their separation in Scotland: he viewed it with emotions of tenderness and regret, as much so as it was possible for a man at his age to feel, respecting a circumstance removed from him by a lapse of nineteen years.

After some moments pause, my father approached me, and fixing the necklace round my neck, bade me wear it for her sake, who was the pattern of every excellence: and turning to Rimini, who viewed what was passing with animated tenderness:

"Giovanna resembles her mother in

constancy and affection, as in person. And oh! may these inestimable qualities be differently rewarded;" and he joined our hands, expressing at the same time ardent wishes for our happiness, and confidence in the merits of Rimini.

Superior to all those manifold acts of kindness, I had so invariably received from de Verneuil, was the cheerfulness and serenity with which he prepared to view my marriage-day; confirming for ever those ties of love, which already united me to Rimini, and eternally destroying all his latent hopes, which the human mind is so prone to cherish in defiance of the frowns of truth: exclusive of the interest which gratitude had excited in my bosom, it was impossible not to be interested in every emotion of a heart animated by the finest feelings of benevolence, and alive to all the influence

of tenderness and exquisite sensibility. It was therefore with a degree of anxiety and reluctance, which if an angel had foretold me, I should have disbelieved, that I consented to fix a day for my marriage, soon after my father's arrival in France: and I almost feared to meet the eyes of my friend, but de Verneuil was resolved to complete the generosity of his sacrifice, and not sully my approaching felicity by a single tear, or obscure my happiness by unavailing sighs: my marriage was to be celebrated in compliance to the wishes of my father, at the church of St. Marcella, about three leagues distant from Belle Isle, immediately after which, de Verneuil was to join his regiment in Spain, while we went on towards Italy, intending to make some stay at Marino. Three days previous to which, my father addressed me thus:

"I could wish, my dear Giovanna, that your friend de Verneuil would not remain here to witness your marriage. His doing so appears to me entirely superfluous, and must, I should suppose, excite uneasy sensations in your's and Rimini's mind. He has surely shewn his generosity sufficiently in promoting your happiness as much as possible, and ought to rest contented there: and I think Rimini should on the present occasion interfere for the purpose of accelerating his departure: but I suppose he is resolved not to be vanquished in generosity by his friend. And Pamela's mind appears to be disturbed also, and she evidently fluctuates, and knows not whether to admit Charles Selby's attentions, or nobly remain constant to de Verneuil, who is perfectly indifferent whether she does so or not. I protest it is difficult to determine the proportion of romantic ab-

surdity which reigns amongst you all. You appear to me to act upon very visionary principles indeed, and such as do not suit the common routine of life; but I have lived too long in the world not to be aware that advice is always thrown away in affairs of this nature; and I shall never interfere in any thing that relates to you further than with the salutary admonition of a friend. But beware how you proceed, or how you give Rimini reason to suppose that you hesitate in your choice between him and de Verneuil."

"Ah! my dear father," exclaimed I; "that is impossible: Rimini alone engages every thought, occupies exclusively every affection. Pity alone attaches me to the other. How can it be otherwise; do not I owe him every thing? Did not he save my lover's life: and do I not receive him at his hands?"

"Well, my dear girl," replied my father, "watch carefully the emotions of your heart, and endeavour as much as possible to be guided by reason in all things. I wish your marriage was over, and de Verneuil with his regiment; and then you cannot do better than write your memoirs; and in the English language too, from motives of respect for that country which gave your parents birth, and presented as your model the virtues and excellencies of Ignatia, whose purity of mind and worth I again trace in the character of my dear Giovanna; and whose virtuous precepts will, I am sure, always remain the inmates of your bosom. Do not object to this proposal, from your imperfect knowledge of the English language: write your memoirs as well as you can, and I shall be satisfied that you have used your best endeavours to please me." I pro-

mised compliance with my dear father's injunction, and though the difficulties attending it appeared insurmountable, yet I determined to obey. Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Pamela, followed by de Verneuil.

And those few intervening hours which yet remained between the day on which I was to receive the hand of Rimini were passed on my side with inquietude and dejection. I united with my father in wishing that de Verneuil would leave us; and yet I felt that his presence was necessary to my happiness. I would willingly have retreated from the altar to which I was approaching, and remained for ever free, to admire and love the excellence of those noble rivals, without being united to either, retaining each in the sacred bonds of friendship.

Pamela, afflicted at the near de-

parture of de Verneuil, which renewed her predilection in its full force, carefully sought to find me alone, for the purpose of unfolding to me her regret, and describing to me her affliction.

I as incessantly endeavoured to avoid her, for the agitation of her mind increased that of my own. My father surveyed us with looks of concern, and as much as possible endeavoured to engage our attention to common topics of conversation, which he discussed with an interest peculiar to himself. Charles Selby wearied himself in efforts to attract the notice of Pamela, whose thoughts were engaged by de Verneuil, and whose eyes followed him whenever she thought herself unobserved. At last I beheld the first beams of that morning arise in which I was to pledge to Rimini my eternal faith: after a sleepless night I arose, and with anxious and perturbed spirits arrayed

myself in those bridal ornaments which my father had selected for me: throwing open the window of my apartment, my eye caught the glistening dew-drops hanging on the leaves of the trees, and on the flowers crimsoned by the beams of the sun. The river gently murmured over the rocks which lined its bed; and as I stood viewing the objects before me, which powerfully recalled to my recollection de Verneuil's faithful attachment, the delicacy of his passion, so flattering to a female's bosom, arose to my recollection in all its charms. I beheld him rapturously advancing to meet me at the village of Nocera, and with undiminished solicitude withdrawing me from the haunts of vice; I saw him reclining at my side in the cavern near Leghorn, and the accents of his tenderness vibrated in my ears. I followed his steps to the ruined village near Seville,

and viewed with emotion his noble efforts to save the life of his friend. I recalled to mind his vows of everlasting tenderness, and indifference to the charms of every other woman. These tender recollections bedewed my eyes with tears; and clasping my hands, I exclaimed:—

"Reward him, ye celestial powers, with your choisest gifts, but does earth afford any equivalent to his merits?" I continued lost in my own reflection: the morning air soothed my spirits, and the fragrance of the plants revived my senses. I know not how long I should have remained in this species of vague reverie, had I not been interrupted by the entrance of Pamela, who urged me to follow her into the saloon, where my friends were assembled; and informed me that the carriages were waiting to convey us to the church of Santa Marcella. De Verneuil had already made his adieus to Pamela, and had

presented her with a brilliant cross, and she displayed to me the beauty of it with a sigh.

"Alas!" said she, "de Verneuil leaves us, and the society of Charles Selby will but ill supply his place. Are we never to see him more? And does he thus sacrifice the happiness of his friends? The time must come in which he will regret us, for where can he find others as kind and true?"

And she dried her tears, while I prepared to follow her, and with trembling step, and overcome with emotion, entered the saloon, unable to express myself intelligibly either to Rimini or de Verneuil, who ardently advanced to receive me; and de Verneuil, in a low and trembling voice, reminded me that the moment was arrived in which it remained for him to fulfil his promise of leading me to the altar, and of bestowing my hand upon his friend. It was with difficulty

that I suppressed my sighs, but tears unbidden filled my eyes, and dropped upon his hand as he led me to the carriage. Joy for an instant brightened his eyes, and he pressed my hand to his bosom, and uttered vows of benediction and love, which his feelings rendered scarcely articulate. We entered the chapel of Santa Marcella; the holy priest stood at the altar; the gothic windows of stained glass admitted the rays of the morning sun, which streamed in crimson and purple beams over the gloom, and rested on the marble monuments around, shedding over the venerable countenance of the priest a celestial glow, while his voice echoed in solemn murmurs along the aisle, and my hand, which de Verneuil presented to Rimini, was cold and trembling. As soon as the nuptial benediction was pronounced, my friends surrounded me, but paused in their

congratulations, and viewed de Verneuil with emotions of concern and interest, who drew near to bid me farewel. Rimini gazed earnestly at us alternately, and passing his arm round my waist, by signs besought his friend to shorten his adieus. My father stood leaning against the railing of the altar, and appeared anxious and disturbed; Pamela had seated herself on the steps, and was weeping very audibly, while Charles Selby was bending over her with assiduity, and endeavouring to dispel her tears. De Verneuil paused a few moments, and then hastily advancing to the spot where I stood, bent his knee to the ground, and folding his arms round me, and fixing his eyes upon mine in unalterable agitation, attempted to speak; but in vain; the words died upon his lips, which refused their assistance, unable to express the eloquence of this passionate farewel:

and in a few moments, de Verneuil rising from the ground, vanished from my view for ever. I eagerly traced his shadow, as it glided along the wall, and disappeared under the archway; and the agitation of my mind suddenly rendered the warmth of the chapel insupportable, and the fragrance of the frankincense overpowering the lights on the altar, which are burning there day and night, quivered before my eyes: a faintness stole over my senses, and stretching out my arms towards my father, who started forwards to receive me, I fainted away—And, alas! my dear father, permit me here to conclude these memoirs, or I shall be led unawares to tread over again the paths of woe. You well remember how ineffectual were the endeavours of paternal tenderness and conjugal love to console me for the death of de Verneuil, who fell on the field of

battle at Cadiz, a fortnight after he joined his regiment in Spain.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould:
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There honour comes a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

THE END.

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